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The Week

AS we go to press it is, of course, too early to predict with certainty the developments of the Democratic National Convention in session in New York City. We believe we are justified in saying, however, that early indications show a grave danger that the Democrats will scatter their shot and dissipate their energies on a number of minor issues, without concentrating on the two great overshadowing questions: honesty in government, and breaking the grip of special privilege in the economic as well as the political field. The Democratic leaders are clearly suffering from over-confidence. They believe they are sure to win; and like all politicians under these circumstances they will be no more liberal or courageous than they have to be. It is significant that the outstanding development of the few days immediately preceding the convention was the formation of the "bosses' bloc" against W. G. McAdoo. No one supposes that Messrs. Taggart, Brennan, et al., object to Mr. McAdoo because of his Doheny service, or his work for Charles W. Morse and the Republic Iron and Steel Company. They are opposed to him because they believe they can win this year with a more tractable candidate.

AS was to be expected, Senator Harrison's keynote speech and the address of Senator Walsh as permanent chairman both emphasized strongly the dishonesty during the Harding régime. Senator Harrison referred to it as "a saturnalia of corruption" and declared, of course, that the Democratic party is called to restore the federal government to the paths of righteousness. He said that "the cornerstone of the Republican party is special privilege" and that the Republican tax proposal in particular was "grown in the Mellon patches of special privilege," observing that this plan would have given 1200 tax payers fifty-one percent of the total reduction, the tax on a $5,000,000 income being reduced by $1,331,000, while only $8.75 would have been taken from the tax on a $3,000 income. The present tariff he called "the most flagrant repudiation of campaign pledges in all the history of political parties." "Every line in it added to the living costs of the American consumer."

HE flayed the ship subsidy proposal of the Republicans as something which would have laid a burden of $850,000,000 on the taxpayers, and observed that the Republicans in less than four years since 1921 have spent $9,000,000,000 more than did the Democratic administration during the five years preceding the Great War. The budget system, he insisted, is really a Democratic idea, and he gave the credit for the Limitation of Armament Conference to Senator Borah. As to the honesty of the Wilson administration he observes that there were fifty-one Republican "fishing expeditions" in Congress in 1921 and that they unearthed "not a single act that reflected discredit upon any Democratic official." On foreign policy Senator Harrison observed that the progress from Wilson to Coolidge "is from a keynote to a keyhole." He promised that the Democrats will abolish our present "sordid oil policy" in the Near East and will "remove the scars of normalcy and restore prosperity." In particular, he guaranteed that the Democrats will bring the pur-

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chasing power of the farmer back to a level of equality with that of the industrial regions. Keynote speeches, of course, are not to be taken too seriously as an indication of party intention; but of this one it must be said that it outlined accurately the situation existing in the country. If the Democratic platform and candidate live up to it we shall be as much pleased as surprised.

ALL Americans who are interested in the approach to international pacification and disarmament by means of the development of a law of nations through the decision of a court are earnestly requested to study, to circulate and discuss the Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security which was published in full in the New York Times on Wednesday, June 18. The Treaty which is now being seriously considered by the League of Nations was worked out in answer to a request from the representatives of several European governments by an American committee which included Professor J. T. Shotwell, General Tasker H. Bliss and General James S. Harbord. It is proposed as a possible substitute for the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance which was prepared by the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League of Nations and which has we believe a poor chance of being accepted by the most interested governments. The proposed American substitute is at once the ablest, the most carefully considered and the most thorough-going of all the treaties which have been framed for the purpose of diminishing the liability to war. It begins by declaring war an international crime, and it goes on to set procedures and sanctions which are intended to make the criminal act difficult and costly if not impossible. In future issues of the New Republic we shall publish articles on the treaty by Senator Borah and by ourselves.

THE Farmer Labor Party Convention at St. Paul, the story of which is told in detail elsewhere in this issue, concluded its sessions last week by nominating Duncan McDonald of Springfield ,Ill., for President and William Bouck of Sedro Woolley, Washington, for Vice-President. McDonald is a former president of the Illinois United Mine Workers, and well known in radical political circles. Bouck is a fruit grower and organizer of farmers. It is understood that Mr. McDonald will withdraw in favor of Senator LaFollete if the Senator from Wisconsin should consent, at the time of the Cleveland Convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, to accept the Farmer-Labor nomination. Since Senator LaFollette announced in advance that he would have nothing to do with the St. Paul Convention, because of its inclusion of the Communists, it is scarcely probable that he will recognize the Farmer-Labor party in which the Communists have made good their footing. A split in the progressive movement seems inevitable.

THE platform adopted at St. Paul is one of the usual catch-alls. It demands public ownership and operation of all "monopolized" industries, particularly railroads, power plants, banks and mines; government loans to farmers without interest; unemployment and maternity insurance, old age pensions, the eight-hour day, abolition of child labor and prohibiting of injunctions in labor disputes, and economic and political equality for the Negro. The convention demands recognition of Soviet Russia, independence for the Philippines, self-determination for all American colonies and dependencies, and the immediate withdrawal of our marines and soldiers from Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. It demands also that the United States shall not interfere forcibly in other countries in order to safeguard the investments or collect the debts of the capitalists. In reporting the first draft of the platform Chairman Joseph Manley stated that the committee had been raided by the Woman's party, but had not surrendered. In the final report, however, the equal rights amendment was endorsed.

THE first conference between the labor Prime Minister of England and the radical Premier of France has been held at Chequers, and appears to have been successful. It was decided to hold a conference in London, probably on July 16, to discuss the detailed application of the Dawes plan. To this conference Mr. MacDonald says, America will be invited. Perhaps still more significant in the long run is the fact that Herriot and MacDonald will go together to the meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva next September. Herriot is known to favor a genuine dependence on the League in solving the Franco-German question. The British, of course, have long urged this procedure. The only question is whether Herriot's government and the French people in general will permit him to go as far in this direction as is necessary if Germany is to be given a real chance to live. On this point it can only be said at present that the conference at Chequers appears to have made a hopeful beginning on a long and difficult course of negotiation.

WHEN it was first charged that the assassins of Matteotti, the Italian socialist deputy, who was kidnaped and almost certainly murdered, were important members of the Fascist government of Italy, the charge seemed incredible—as incredible as would be the report that Messrs. Hoover, Hughes and Mellon had collaborated in seizing and murdering, let us say, Senator Pat Harrison. Now, however, the charge seems substantiated up to the hilt. Fillippelli, editor of the leading Fascist journal of Rome, has confessed that he ordered Matteotti kidnaped, for the purpose, of course, of preventing revelations as to graft and corruption by Finzi, Under-secretary of State. Fillippelli asserts that he did not intend that Matteotti should be murdered—a claim which would be more credible if members of

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the Fascisti had not so often in the past used extreme violence against their enemies. General De Bono, head of the Fascist police organization, is now implicated in the scandal. He is charged with having allowed some of the accused men to escape, and has been dismissed by Mussolini for this negligence. The censorship has been clamped down tight, but enough news seeps through to indicate that the whole Fascist régime is in the gravest danger. If it survives at all it will do so in modified form and greatly chastened spirit.

IN the June issue of Foreign Affairs Mr. Roland Boyden, formerly American observer attached to the Reparations Commission has called attention to an aspect of the reparations settlement proposed by the Dawes report which is too often neglected. He points out that there were at least two previous occasions—one two years ago when the Bankers' Committee with J. P. Morgan as its American representative met in Paris and the second in November, 1922—when opportunities existed for doing just what the Dawes Committee has recently done. "Looking back," he says, "on these two opportunities anyone will admit that Germany's power of accomplishment has been greatly weakened in the interval. There is no doubt that officially on both these two occasions and later she urged a solution on the lines now proposed. The point upon which honest people will differ is whether Germany would at either time have genuinely accepted a settlement based on the principles of the Dawes report. The writer has no doubt that she would, and that owing to intervening events she would (at the earlier dates) have accepted in better spirit, and her acceptance would have encountered less serious political difficulties than now."

THE "intervening events" to which Mr. Boyden refers are, of course, the military occupation of the Ruhr Basin and the passive resistance which that act aroused. The French like to quote in self-justification the wholesale approval which General Dawes passed upon that adventure. As a matter of fact the occupation of the Ruhr and its effect on the state of mind of the French and German nations and on the ability of the German economic machine to produce reparations is by far the most formidable existing obstacle to the successful operation of the Dawes plan and to an ultimate settlement of the reparations question. It has, as Mr. Boyden says, diminished Germany's ability to pay. It has weakened her disposition to pay. She is only too conscious of the fact that she "herself urged a solution on the lines now proposed" and that by no humanly possible effort and good faith, could she have avoided a default under the London agreement. Yet as a punishment for that default she was subjected to a deeply humiliating and terrifically costly invasion and France is insisting that the violation and the outrage be considered a precedent and that she be rewarded for her offense. The new French government has not yet abandoned this attitude. Until it does the reparation question can never be settled. The invasion of the Ruhr was a gross and inexcusable international wrong. Sooner or later in some form or another France instead of being rewarded will pay an indemnity for her act. The indemnity may be paid in goods or it may be paid, as Germany's indemnity has already been, in suffering and tears, but its ultimate payment is a necessary part of any European "settlement."

SENATOR PHELAN'S charge that Dr. Sidney Gulick is a paid Japanese propagandist has been repudiated with appropriate vigor by the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches. If Senator Phelan were not blinded by hatred of the Japanese and their defenders he would recognize in Dr. Gulick as good an American and sincere a Christian as America has produced. No one needs to agree with Dr. Gulick, but no one who knows him can fail to honor him and admire him. He has worked hard through many years to bring about a better understanding between America and Japan, and history has yet to decide whether this was not a more patriotic service than that of those gentlemen like Senator Phelan who have worked so hard to bring about a more profound misunderstanding. The latter have won, for the present. One might suppose that they would let well enough alone and refrain from borrowing trouble by ungenerous attacks upon the integrity of better men than themselves.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of coöperation view with some misgivings the proposed acquisition by the wheat growers of five of the largest grain concerns, with their whole marketing machinery. The bane of the coöperative movement in America has been the grandiose scheme, floated upon a sea of unfounded expectations. If our farmers had learned the art of coöperation by small beginnings, had planned to dispense with the middleman in supplying themselves and in establishing relations with the ultimate consumer, if they had built up a strong commercial organization, with an able personnel in whom they had implicit confidence, such an undertaking as the marketing of the whole colossal wheat output might have had a chance of success. With virtually no foundation in detailed coöperative experience the outlook is not promising. For a time the scheme may appear to work if the actual control is left in the hands of men who have been trained in non-coöperative enterprise. But the probable future is one of suspicion and factional strife, with bitterness and disappointment as the ultimate net return. The pity of it is that the failure of such large dreams gives a setback to the real coöperative movement and postpones the day when the farmer will really be the master of his own fate.

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FOREIGN observers must be very busy just now formulating theories to explain the outbreak of violence in American political life. In addition to the usual rows with the I. W. W. in California and the long gathering bickerings of convention politicians we now announce a United States senator in fisticuffs with an offending citizen and a state legislature fleeing its state on pain of gas attacks and threats of death. But there is no crime wave. The events are sporadic. The opera bouffe in Rhode Island is a pernicious, chronic constitutional row staged by both sides to resemble a Central American revolution. And the Washington bout is merely the inevitable tilt between the deliberate golfer and the snappy one. Neither has any bearing on the state of the nation.

THE American Legion, says its national commander, is about to embark on a fresh crusade. This time the objective is to be a universal service law. "Within three years," said Mr. Quinn at a public dinner at Spokane, "we will have as big a fight on for this measure as we have had for the bonus." Mr. Quinn is mistaken. A general and aggressive advocacy of universal compulsory military training would flatten out the Legion in six months. Even within that body the pursuit of such a policy would probably mean political suicide for Mr. Quinn. In spite of the Garys and the Woods this country has not been successfully Prussianized as yet. If the American Legion wishes to live to a ripe old age it had best practise the ceremonial virtues of the G. A. R.

MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, is engaging in his quadrennial pastime of presenting organized labor's platform to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions. This year's specimen has fifteen planks. The A. F. of L. wants anti-trust legislation repealed, the injunction in labor disputes abolished, child labor done away with and the labor clauses of the Esch-Cummins law repealed. It suggests that products of prison labor should be subject to all state laws wherever sold, that public buildings should be erected during industrial depressions, that government employes should be properly classified and adequately paid and that war veterans should be rehabilitated. It wants federal industrial compensation laws, the legalization of 2.75 beer, the restoration of free speech and of free press, the abolition of conscription except for a defensive war, and no compulsory labor under any conditions during war time. It would have Congress given power to override by a two-thirds vote any Supreme Court decision declaring legislation unconstitutional. The platform strikes at the sales tax, suggesting income and inheritance taxes as the proper sources of government revenue; and endorses American participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice and the League of Nations. We think our readers will agree that most of these planks are admirable; and will share our regret that neither party is in the faintest danger of being persuaded by Mr. Gompers to adopt any of them except those to which, as a matter of course, they are bound to render lip service.

TWICE recently a young woman just turned twenty-one has been arrested in New York for speeding. On each occasion her counsel has appeared in court and pleaded guilty and on each occasion she has received a suspended sentence. In neither case was her speed excessive or her conduct otherwise reprehensible. But because she is a scion of the great oil dynasty her case has become a burning issue among the politicians. Some one, it seems, has been tempering justice to the rich, and some one must go! The discovery has been made that her first case was incorrectly recorded as dismissed so that the second incorrectly figured as a first offense. For this four officers of the court including the trial judge have been transferred. And Miss Abby Rockefeller herself has fled abroad to escape the importunities of the reporters. All of which is a travesty of law enforcement. Some histrionic genius has seen the chance for a play to the electoral grandstand using the Rockefeller name as a symbol of deep villainy. Meanwhile Mr. Doheny is banqueted in state at the University Club.

THE third sortie of the third siege of Mt. Everest has failed. The storming party was caught in a terrific monsoon blizzard. Only those who have climbed above the snow line can appreciate the conclusiveness of this catastrophe. You are clinging precariously to an icy slope with pick and rope. A blizzard breaks. Visibility is wiped out. If you move, you crash. If you halt, you freeze. A scanty cablegram announces that two of the party perished. This third attempt, we had already been told, concludes the expedition. Everest remains intact, by far the greatest sporting proposition in the world. Its ascent has little scientific value. Yet the titanic dimensions of the feat, the magnitude and uncertainty of the obstacles and the prodigious heroism of the men who have gone before will draw sportsmen to it irresistibly until it is achieved. And then a Stefansson will come along with a new theory of travel and draw its teeth.

IT is to the credit of the financial administration of the United States that a billion dollars of the public debt has been paid off in the last year. Receipts of revenue have shown a happy disposition to outrun the Treasury estimates. The fiscal year will close with a surplus of more than $400,000,000 in spite of the 25 percent reduction in the income tax. One recalls with a smile the official predictions of a deficit if the revenue cuts proposed in the Mellon plan were exceeded, or if the bonus were passed. Those cuts have been exceeded and the bonus has

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been passed, yet we may confidently look forward to a substantial surplus at the end of the fiscal year 1925. In British finance this sort of thing does not happen. The finance ministry makes its calculations so scientifically that the actual receipts seldom vary far from the estimates. Our financial authorities wisely, perhaps, pursue another plan. They aim well under the mark, thus presumably checking the disposition of Congress to spend and insuring a surplus for debt payment. In the end, however, nobody will take the Treasury calculations seriously, and we shall be as badly off as if they had told the truth from the beginning.

LAST February Senator Shipstead made an attack upon Secretary Mellon's policy of fixing generous rates of interest, 4 percent or higher, on the short term certificates issued in the regular course of financing the government. Senator Shipstead asserted that this rate was at least 1 percent too high and represented a direct burden of some millions annually on the taxpayers. He argued further that the Treasury rates played an important part in fixing the general price of credit, and therefore an excessive Treasury rate held commercial rates up and imposed a heavy burden on all industry working on borrowed money. Secretary Mellon published a vigorous defense of his policy, asserting that the certificates could not be expected to float at lower rates. Recently, however, whether moved by the criticism which became general after the Shipstead attack or simply by a desire to experiment with an easy money market, Secretary Mellon offered $150,000,000 of six months certificates bearing 2¾ percent interest. The issue was oversubscribed fourfold. This does not, indeed, prove conclusively that Secretary Mellon's former rates were too favorable to the bankers. But the inference would be a fair one.

ON Saturday, June 21, scientists of the Department of Agriculture at Washington announced that the hoof-and-mouth disease which has been doing serious harm to cattle in California has been practically stamped out. Just forty-eight hours earlier Grove L. Fink, Assistant United States District Attorney at San Francisco, announced that the Department of Justice will round up all members of the Industrial Workers of the World in Oregon, Washington, California, Nevada and Arizona, on the ground that they have been deliberately spreading the hoof-and-mouth disease by the use of infected dogs and also that they have "illegally aided" the boycott on California goods which has been generally imposed by persons fearful of becoming infected, or of carrying the infection from this mysterious and baffling disease. The charge against the I. W. W. is of such a fantastic character that we doubt whether sober-minded men can be found who will give it credence. Mr. Fink's action is all too obviously part of the class war against migratory labor which has been carried on for years along the Pacific coast. We merely suggest that he ought to time his great I. W. W. raids a little more accurately, or persuade the scientists at Washington to back him up.

OF all the chief participants in the Paris Conference, Jan Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa, retained longest both his political place and the esteem of liberals in all countries. This latter fact is the more interesting since it was Smuts who secured the inclusion of pensions and separation allowances in the bill of damages against Germany and thereby increased the total to a sum far beyond her capacity to pay. Now Smuts is out, his government having been defeated in the recent election by a coalition of Nationalists and Labor. The new Premier, Herzog, will have a majority of twenty-two. No drastic action in the way of partial or complete secession from the British Empire may be looked for, however, for the Nationalists are dependent on the support of Labor, which is chiefly of British origin.

ON his third attempt Lieutenant R. L. Maughan has succeeded in flying from Atlantic to Pacific in one day. It is not only a military event of considerable significance; it is a titanic human performance. To realize its magnitude we need only recall that by travelling westward through four time belts in the same day the aviator actually added three hours to his day, making it the longest working day on record, not excluding Gideon's. The strain of such continuous flying is prodigious. Lieutenant Maughan likened it not long ago to sitting doubled up all day long poised on the extreme edge of your piano. Its apparently inevitable effect is the acute nausea of nervous fatigue which interrupted his last flight and came on again this time as the Lieutenant was landing at Cheyenne. But he fought it off and went on, alighting at San Francisco ahead of his scheduled time. The human qualities of all Marathons are very much alike. Heroism is not decreased by the acquisition of mechanical wings.

THE Democratic party, assembled in convention, is worth the close observation of every student of American history. Here is an institution more nearly unchanging than the Constitution. Inside the convention halls one is transported back to the nineties, eighties, or even to the ante bellum period. Big chiefs, swollen with pompous ambition, stalk up and down the stage. Henchmen with half-closed eyes and steady voices claim everything in sight for their peerless leaders. There are humor, oratory, bluff that is not quite all bluff, feuds that are blistering hot in public but capable of being composed in private over cooling drinks, and arrangements as to patronage. The Republicans may put through a convention business more frictionlessly, but there is no real political faith in them.

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As a business interest they may survive; as a political show they are busted. The Democracy lives and parades forever.

THE proposal of the Teachers' Union of New York to establish an experimental school in which "freedom will be the watchword" will no doubt provoke a mixed response. The Board of Education does not look upon the union in its house with glowing pride. And many citizens as individuals and as members of Societies for the Prevention of Ancient Institutions will regard this proposal to tamper with an established system with as much suspicion as they do all such proposals. The dubious aspect of this proposal is that it comes from the rank and file of teachers. It contemplates allowing the teachers to see what they can do without bosses, or under the horrid autocracy of their union dictators. Nevertheless it would probably be wise from this very point of view to give the teachers their chance at a constructive job. The moment a union of teachers becomes an association of professional people for the upbuilding of their profession it must necessarily be a powerful agency for the increase of excellence within its own ranks.

The Chances of Democratic Victory

ACCORDING to ordinary political calculations the chances of the Democratic party for victory at the coming election would seem to be extraordinarily favorable. The record of the Republican party and the Harding-Coolidge administration since March, 1921, is one of the most discreditable in American political annals. If the two-party system were operating as it is supposed to operate, the Democrats would certainly displace the Republicans as the governing party and the promised rebellion of a Republican progressive minority would merely add to the certainty of the Democratic victory. According to this point of view the Democrats can win with practically any candidate and on almost any platform just as the Republicans could in 1920. They can count on the disposition of an overwhelming number of voters to express their disapproval of Republican rule.

Many Democrats accept as correct the foregoing estimate of their chances of victory. Some such estimate will probably determine the policy of the party in nominating a candidate and in framing a platform. Yet, of course, it is very far from safe or adequate. The Democrats cannot count on an automatic and irresistible reaction from Republican and towards Democratic rule. There are, indeed, an immense number of rebellious electors whose votes will determine the result of the election, but the Republican party is not the only political institution and agency with which they are disgusted. Many of them have lost confidence in both parties and are seeking as an outlet for their reaction the formation of a third party which will give voice to a more specifically and energetically progressive point of view. But probably there are a still larger number who are dissatisfied not merely with one party or both parties but with the whole paraphernalia of American politics as a means of accomplishing what they take to be desirable public purposes. In our opinion this group of malcontents who are vaguely but fiercely and radically disgruntled with politics in general is the largest and most unmanageable body of voters whom the Democratic managers have to consider. The Democrats need its support in order to elect their candidate. Yet we doubt whether they can win the allegiance of any considerable portion of these victims of political disenchantment.

Popular dissatisfaction with politics in general springs from many sources. There are conservative alarmists who scent a revolution in the near future and who are impatient and irritated because party politics in time of peace is not sufficiently vigorous in campaigning against radicalism. There are progressives who are disheartened at the apparent hopelessness of accomplishing by political means reforms which they consider to be of major importance. There are prohibitionists who have lost faith in politics because politicians will not enforce the Volstead Act. There are anti-prohibitionists who attribute to politicians responsibility for the condemnation of certain intrinsically innocent acts as crimes. Above all, there is a growing popular feeling that politics as now conducted is futile and unreal—that it is an occupation full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is enormously pretentious. It claims to be one of the most important, exciting and fruitful of human activities. Yet, so its opponents say, it is merely exasperating, officious, fussy, melodramatic, tedious and barren. Although it is constantly interfering with private business and individual occupations on some presumably public pretext, its practitioners often do not adopt the most rudimentary precautions to justify the claim that the state is depriving its citizens of money and liberty in a genuinely public interest.

What the political effects of this exasperation and disenchantment will be, it is extremely difficult to guess. It is accompanied by a great deal of scepticism or downright cynicism which may persuade some electors to vote for Coolidge as the best method of expressing their contempt for the game of politics as it is now being played. But probably its most common effect on the conduct of the voter will be to keep him entirely away from the polls. The refusal to vote will more satisfactorily express his irritation, impatience and scepticism than any other course he can adopt. The proportion of absentee voters has steadily increased of late years. Unless we are much mistaken, the coming election

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will in this respect break the record.

A large absentee vote will be injurious to the chances of the Democratic candidate. The great majority of the political abstainers will consist of fluid electors who in the past have drifted from one party to another. They are the people, that is, who under the old conditions would have swelled the reaction against the party in power. The Democrats can ill afford to lose them. The loss will reduce their effective strength to the body of voters who, although they may not always support the Democratic ticket, are disposed in all cases of doubt to elect a Democrat. We doubt whether this body of voters will be numerous enough to obtain for the Democratic candidate a majority in the Electoral College. In 1912 Woodrow Wilson polled approximately forty percent of the total vote against about twenty-seven percent for Roosevelt and twenty-five percent for Taft. If there are a large number of electors who do not go to the polls, the Democratic vote may drop to about thirty-five percent of the total; and in that event the Democratic candidate almost certainly could not be elected.

In order to win the support of the voters who are exasperated with the futilities and the shams of American party politics, the Democrats will have to infuse much more reality, eagerness and momentum into their appeal to the voters than they have as yet done. They will be able, of course, to urge upon a hesitating voter practically irresistible arguments why he should prefer the Democratic to the Republican candidate, but the hesitating voters will not usually be hesitating between casting a vote for Mr. Coolidge and his Democratic opponent. They will hesitate chiefly between voting for the Democrat, La Follette, or not voting at all, and the Democrats are not in a strong position to persuade either the progressive or the sheer malcontent to prefer the Democratic candidate. The Democrats are no doubt preferable as progressives to the Republicans, but it will be difficult to convince thorough-going progressives that, if radical economic legislation is necessary to restore the balance between American industry and agriculture, the Democrats are morally and intellectually prepared to draw it up and carry it through. It would be even more difficult to convince a voter who had lost his faith in party politics to turn to the Democratic party as his refuge and comforter. The radical malcontent and political absentee have at bottom almost as much reason to be sceptical of the Democratic as they have of the Republican party. If the Democrats should as the result of the coming election enter at once into the possession of the federal government, they would fail almost as completely as the Republicans have in legislating to meet the national economic needs. They are subject, although in a smaller degree, to the same compulsions which condemn the Republicans to dissension as soon as they attempt, except in a superficial and non-contentious way, to deal with serious economic problems.

If this analysis be correct, the Democrats cannot win merely by seeking to take advantage of Republican unpopularity and discredit. It will be fatal for them to nominate some mediocre candidate and then try to elect him on the pretext that he is purer and more liberal than Coolidge and safer than La Follette. The hesitating voters will demand stronger medicine than that. They will have to be snatched out of their hesitation by the apparition of something vital and promising in the Democratic appeal of which neither the Republicans nor the progressives can boast. The Democrats, that is, in order to win must succeed in restoring to the non-partisan voter his interest in politics and his confidence in politicians. It will be far wiser for them to start something offensive and dangerous, as they would by nominating Governor Smith, than to play safe and expect to win by default. If they win at all, it will be by virtue of an unexpected break such as they made in 1896. A Democrat in order to be victorious will have to arouse the voters and capture their imaginations. President Coolidge will command the allegiance of the millions of Americans who worship business and expect to justify America by so doing. Senator La Follette will command the allegiance of the millions of discontented farmers and wage-earners who are consciously in revolt against the domination of business. There remains a large number of average Americans who are not thorough-going Democrats, Republicans, progressives nor socialists, but who are for one reason or another disgruntled and dubious. The Democratic candidate must pull them out of their lethargy, irritation and scepticism. Can he do it? If so, how? and who is he?

Herriot's Internationalism

THE anger of the German Junkers is boiling against Herriot. Immediately after the election their attitude toward him was merely suspicious. They doubted that his policies would be a material improvement upon those of Poincaré. Not only do they still doubt the improvement; they have come to see in Herriot a tendency more dangerous to their interests than any exhibited by Poincaré and the French reactionaries. This is the tendency toward liberal internationalism. Herriot has revived the distinction between the German democracy and the party of reaction and war. He proposes to build the peace of Europe upon a Franco-British liberalism which shall do its best to encourage German liberalism in its fight with the generals and ironmasters.

The genesis of Herriot's strategy is easily recognized. It springs from Wilson's much abused distinction between the German people and the German government—the people, with whom the western democracies could have no quarrel and the government to which it was impossible to extend quarter. It was an unrealistic distinction in the eyes of

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the Allied militarists. They were out to humble Germany, people and government together. They had no intention of permitting Germany to escape punishment through any such device as a shift in the governing factions or even a change in the constitution. To the Germans, however, the distinction seemed real. They believed that they had Wilson's guarantee that a democratic Germany would be treated more leniently than a Germany which remained under the control of the Kaiser. While it is probable that the Kaiser would have been forced to abdicate in any event, in consequence of German defeat, there can be little doubt that the swing toward a democratic republic was greatly promoted by the strategy of Wilson.

The peace makers at Versailles discarded the international liberalism of Wilson, as a piece of war machinery for which they had no further use. They took away from Germany whatever territory for which they had any use. They stripped her of her foreign property holdings and burdened her with an indemnity calculated to exceed her capacity for payment. They placed restrictions upon her trade, forced her to disarm and to accept the military occupation of the Rhine for a period excessively long and easily capable of extension. They could have gone no farther if Germany had insisted on remaining true to the Hohenzollerns.

Nor, in the period from the signing of the Treaty down to the victory of Herriot, was there any evidence of a disposition on the part of the victors to give encouragement to the more democratic and pacific parties in Germany. From the outset the party of fulfilment of the Treaty has carried on a desperate contest with the party of repudiation. It is impossible to point to any instance in which the party of fulfilment has been encouraged by the Allies with the promise that their best would suffice. On the contrary, it was a part of Poincaré's political strategy to question the sincerity of every German attempt at conciliation. All Germans, he held, were equally bent on revenge. The militarists were simply more outspoken and sincere.

Inevitably there was a steady drift toward reaction in Germany. If the only escape from bondage was through a war of liberation, the best man, in domestic politics, was the man who was openly committed to such a war. Left to themselves the plain Germans would have had no more love for their Ludendorffs and Tirpitzes than plain Americans have for their own arrogant reactionaries. Harried by the victors they were prepared to turn to any reactionary, however arrogant, who could give leadership in time of need. The great increase in the strength of the Nationalists in the late election needs no further explanation. It offered a measure of the growing will to bid defiance to Poincaré and to look to a future war for salvation.

But now Herriot promises that Allied policy will take a new direction. He recognizes in good faith the distinction drawn by Wilson between democratic Germany and the Germany of the Junkers. He proclaims his intention of living on good terms with the former, while never relaxing his vigilance against the latter. MacDonald will no doubt second him in this strategy, as would any Liberal-Labor government that might succeed MacDonald. May we not then hope that a new spirit will govern the relations between the Allies and Germany and that the suspicions and animosities that have characterized the post-war period will be gradually liquidated?

We do not in the least doubt the good faith and good will of the French and British liberals. They would bring about a reconciliation with a vigorous German liberalism, if they could. But they are not free agents. In a sense they are the inheritors of the evil policies of Poincaré and Lloyd George. They can not wholly disappoint the popular expectation of excessive payments from Germany. French solvency is in fact posited on the receipt from Germany of sums that should never have been exacted from her. The fear of German military revival is too deeply implanted in the French people to permit the Herriot government to leave the control of German militarism to the German democracy. He will have to take up the old quarrel over disarmament, with its inevitable tendency to stir up hostile national feeling.

The policy of liberal internationalism might have given us a stable Europe if it could have been put into operation five years ago. Its potency today is limited. The only immediate result that may be expected from it is the putting into effect of the Dawes plan without needless delay or unnecessarily drastic conditions. In time the liberal forces may become strong enough to strip the Dawes plan of its more objectionable features and substitute for the indefinite obligations still retained by the plan a definite charge which a pacific Germany might hope to work off. But progress toward this end will be slow.

The Politics of the Changing South

POLITICAL analysts have long accounted for the comparatively liberal tendencies of the Democratic party by its geographical composition. Its continuous and reliable support comes from the South, which cannot possibly have a majority of the electoral votes. Support must therefore be sought in the agricultural West or the industrial Northeast. Tradition and interest in both of these regions have bound the larger propertied classes to the Republican party ever since the Civil War and the subsequent era of capitalist expansion. Therefore the politicians of the solid South have been forced to seek their share of patronage and power by an alliance with disaffected farmers, industrial wage-earners or small business men in other sections. As

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a result, northern liberals have often held the Democratic balance of power.

Although there is little spiritual kinship between the southern planter and the northern labor leader or social reformer, each has been content, under a wide platform of state autonomy, to cultivate his own territory with little interference from the other. They could easily unite on such national issues as low tariff, the protection of competition in industry, or currency reform. The great economic interests of the South were the growing of cotton and tobacco, which could not profit from a protective tariff, and its industrial enterprises were so small as not to cause worry about the progress of social legislation or other measures distasteful to the manufacturers or bankers. Obviously, a shifting of the economic background might shake the foundations of this alliance.

Warnings of a rift in this harmony have appeared frequently in recent years. It was no accident that the chief political manager of the Wilson administration was a southern Cabinet officer no less distasteful to northern liberals than Daugherty himself — Burleson. And as measures of social legislation began to rise to a national plane, the doctrine of states' rights held so tenaciously by the South cut square across the measures deemed economically necessary by the northern wing of the party. The long struggle for child labor legislation is a conspicuous example. Even in the case of the amendment passed in the last session, few southern senators could be found to record themselves beside their party colleagues from other sections. Such occasions of disharmony are bound to be more frequent as the emphasis of northern liberals is transferred from a local and particularistic to a national and social program.

More important than any growth of economic views in the North, however, is likely to prove the rapid industrial development of the South. This change was dramatized not many weeks ago when the southern cotton manufacturers added their voice to the demand of the northern mill-owners for higher protection on cotton goods. It had been previously underlined by the plaint of northern mill interests that they could not prosper under maximum hour or minimum wage legislation against the competition of the less regulated South. In volume of cotton manufacture North Carolina is now second only to Massachusetts, South Carolina is third, and Georgia is fifth. These three states, together with Alabama, Virginia and Tennessee, turned out in 1921 over forty percent of the total value of cotton goods produced in the United States. They are expanding much more rapidly than the North, and operations are extending into Oklahoma, Texas and other cotton-growing states. This growth sets up two opposing currents — an alliance of the propertied interests of the South with northern capital, which is investing heavily there, and an alliance of southern mill labor — which is chiefly white and therefore can vote — with the northern organizations of labor and forces of social reform. In such circumstances, how long can the South remain united politically? How long can its controlling property interests continue to work in the same party with the anti-Republican elements in the North?

Nor is the cotton industry the only field of such realignment. Alabama and West Virginia have great coal fields. The iron and steel industry follows coal. In spite of its centres in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, these two states produced in 1921 over $35,000,000 worth of steel, or nearly 8½ percent of the nation's total. West Virginia is the second state in the manufacture of glass. Missouri is third in the making of explosives, and has many other important manufactures such as shoes. In manufacturing turpentine and resin the South holds undisputed supremacy; in fertilizer Georgia is second, Virginia third, North Carolina and South Carolina sixth; chemicals are also widely made. Oil refineries in Texas, cane-sugar refineries in Louisiana, employ many wage-earners. And great developments of water-power like that at Muscle Shoals promise a further enhancement of the importance of machine industry in the South.

The artificial shapes into which national politics were so long frozen by the hatreds of the Civil War do not crumble easily, and it is difficult to predict how these new elements will crystallize. Possibly the southern industrialists will become Republican and leave the Democratic party to be as liberal as it pleases. It seems at least as likely, however, that they will remain in their own party, and will insist on such interpretation of Democratic principle and such control of the party machinery that the farmers and wage-earners must look elsewhere for a responsive political instrument. In that case the advent of a new party may be opportune not merely for disaffected northern Republicans, but for northern Democrats as well, and especially for the rapidly growing class of southern wage-earners, who will be able to follow their interest at the polls without breaking with tradition to the extent of voting for the Republican party.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The War on the Peace Seekers

IT has been plotted in secret, according to newspaper accounts, and little publicity has been given the scheme as yet. Probably that is the reason there has not yet been heard any clamor of protest, but only from time to time a small voice of alarm. So the days pass and bring us unheeding nearer to the most amazing phenomenon imaginable in this land of the Bok Peace Award and this era of a world-wide gesture of amity and disarmament. That is General Pershing's Mobilization Day, set for September 12, when the entire nation is called upon to play war.

To play war, yes, but in grim earnestness. Plans for the occasion sound like a Cæsar's megalomaniac dream. Just as if actual war had been declared, America is to mobilize. National Guard and all other military units will recruit to full strength. Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, along with every other group already organized, juvenile and adult together, that might be of service in time of need, will be rallied. Factories and business concerns, even, are notified to participate in this stupendous drill. The radio will sound the call to arms. The newspapers are expected to do their part—and what could be more fitting for them than a spread on the first page: "WAR!"

Better stage managers might issue general orders to the women and children to weep all day, to complete the picture. But perhaps the more thoughtful of them will not fail to sigh at least when the shadow falls over America on September 12. They will be asked to think back to the battle of St. Mihiel, the first offensive of the expeditionary forces in the late War to end all wars, on September 12, 1918.

A grand denouement of long conspiring within the War Department, will be Mobilization Day. Now and then, in the Army and Navy Journal, or in the National Bulletin of the Military Order of the World War, or some other such organ, there are outbursts of self-approval and congratulation as our soldiers see themselves approaching the end of their endeavor. "The success of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps has created a force at present of nearly 400,000 civilians directly interested in the Army," reads a gleeful editorial in the Army and Navy Journal. "When the families and others influenced by the views of these 400,000 are considered, it is easily seen that millions of American men and women have an interest." In many of our schools soldier-making has become so important that youths who decline to shoulder muskets are compelled to leave. High-school girls are dragged into an essay contest on the subject, "Why a Young Man I Know Should Attend a Citizens' Military Training Camp," with trips to Washington as prizes. All this, all the work of our heroes for years, is to culminate on September 12 in what General Pershing is quoted as saying will be a greater achievement than any in France.

But in the course of this gradual enlistment of a nation a few agencies have interposed objections. On them our warriors have turned, snarling. It happens that these agencies are for the most part the great national organizations of women. So, while we await the mockery of September 12, we are witnessing the spectacle of the military riding down the women of America.

Tantamount to just this is the campaign of General Fries and General Bowley, and of the noxious spider-web chart prepared in the offices of the Chemical Warfare Service. Its munitions are contumely. By the stink-bomb and poison gas of cries of "Communist!" and "Bolshevik!" it is hoped to discredit most of America's eminent women.

The military has found ready allies in its offensive. First and most important is business, which finds the presence of women in Washington, with their program of social legislation such as the Child Labor Amendment, a real menace to its interests. Through its Washington organ, Industry, business has even stooped to threaten the Y. W. C. A. with withdrawal of all financial support, because of its advocacy of the women's program. An article illuminating the relationship between business and the military was printed recently in the Army and Navy Journal, offering advice to reserve officers. They are urged to join the local Chambers of Commerce, and to insist that each of these appoint a standing committee on military affairs.

Another natural ally is the vengeful remnant of the old anti-suffrage crowd. It is represented now largely by The Woman Patriot, a periodical published in Washington. J. S. Eichelberger, editor, was an aggressive anti, particularly during the fight in Tennessee, the last of the thirty-six necessary states to ratify the suffrage amendment. Mary Kilbreth, president of The Woman Patriot, was president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Late in 1920, when her cause was lost at last, Miss Kilbreth was quoted as saying that the antis would continue hostilities by using the votes thrust upon them to dispute all measures of the victorious suffragists.

Thus allied, the military, big business, and the disgruntled paladins of women's-place-at-the-kitchen-sink line up together and shout the chorus of the Russophobe chantey printed as a feature of the spider-web chart:

> Miss Bolsheviki has come to town
> With a Russian cap and a German gown,
> In women's clubs she's sure to be found,
> For she's come to disarm America.

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She uses the movie and lyceum too,
And alters text-books to suit her view,
She prates propaganda from pulpit and pew,
For she's bound to disarm America.

Not altogether amusing is this screeching of names, "Bolshevik!" and "Communist!" They are words that cannot be used dispassionately here in the land of the free to denote persons, particularly citizens of Soviet Russia, who have a distinct theory of economics and sociology based on the proposition that instruments and resources necessary to the happiness of all shall be the common property of all. They have malign overtones for the general.

By propaganda of falsehood and distortion, of spleen and ignorance, we have come to associate with the words ideas of wallowing lubricity, of murder, rapine, theft, even—God save the mark!—of cannibalism. Communist and Bolshevik are epithets that stir up a shuddering syndrome of such pictures and emotions, and they can do more damage to character than a whole lexicon of nastiness, particularly when they are spoken in whispers.

So we arrive at the episode of Brigadier-General Albert J. Bowley. Speaking always with the agreement that his utterances shall not be given to the press, General Bowley has declared that activities of the Soviet Reds have been reflected in such organizations as the Y. W. C. A. (cheers from the business men!) that our colleges are teaching our young people pacifism and communism; that Carrie Chapman Catt and Jane Addams are "the reddest of the reds." We have no time, however, to consider more than his speech before the Chamber of Commerce at Columbus, O., on March 7.

As usual, General Bowley exacted the promise that there should be no newspaper account of his talk. But when it was over five of his auditors, outraged, swore to affidavits recounting what he said. He attacked the National Council for Prevention of War, among whose officers are such persons as Mrs. Catt, Miss Addams, President Hibben of Princeton, President Lowell of Harvard, Maud Wood Park, Julia C. Lathrop, William Allen White, Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America. In particular he attacked Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary.

He declared, according to the affidavits, that Mr. Libby was educated for the promotion of Communism in Russia or by Russians; that after returning from Russia he taught Communism in Pennsylvania; that he is a Communist; that he and an associate take turns visiting Russia to get instructions from the Soviet government that the Council is the tool of the Soviets and its constructive measures are a cloak to hide its sinister designs; that the Council and Mr. Libby want to overthrow our government by violence.

Immediately there was a hue of indignation. General Bowley was asked for proofs. He promised them. Not one so far has he supplied. His very associates have admitted that he went too far, drawing inferences not justifiable from the evidence. Fred R. Marvin, editor of the Searchlight column in the New York Commercial, one of those to whom General Bowley went pleading for help in his predicament, was unable to say more than that "It is possible that in his (General Bowley's) address in Columbus he used expressions which, if literally construed, he could not prove; but as to his real purpose no honest citizen can question him."

It might be hoped that the complete collapse of General Bowley's offensive might have had a reaction. It did and it didn't; that sort of mischief is difficult to remedy. General Bowley's preposterous denunciation did much to build up in Ohio a shameful condition of distrust and dread.

This became apparent first at Cincinnati. Early in May the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom held a convention at Washington. Delegates from Europe and Asia attended. It was arranged to take these illustrious visitors through the country to Chicago on a train dubbed the "Pax Special." One stop on the itinerary was Cincinnati. But when word of the coming of the Pax Special circulated there, an agitation was started by the American Legion, the Kiwanis Club (the military and business) and such organizations. So vindictive were they that finally the mission of peace had to be welcomed in secret and entertained like a delegation of homicidal maniacs.

A little later, in Cleveland, plans were being made under the auspices of the local chapter of the National Council for Prevention of War for a peace parade on Sunday, May 18, the anniversary of The Hague peace conference. The Chamber of Commerce, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the American Legion (business and the military) damned the project with obloquious resolutions. But here they were less successful.

It rained that Sunday; nevertheless, a column of women estimated at from 3,500 to 5,000 turned out, led by Judge Florence Allen, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, the only woman in the world in such an office. President Emeritus Charles W. Thwing of Western Reserve University was in the men's group. In the parade were delegations from such societies as the Gold Star Mothers, the Y. W. C. A., the Federated Churches. All these took to themselves gladly and proudly that day the allegations of the Chamber of Commerce. They made, by this open avowal of sympathy, an answer to General Bowley's slapstick thunder.

Had this been the ending of the Army's war on women, we would be spared much national humiliation. Unfortunately the spider-web chart offensive, under a filched Old Glory, still continues.

LEONARD CLINE.

[*This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue.*]

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CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

IV. Thomas J. Walsh

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Walsh

UNTIL lately we have been compelled to take the lawyers' word for Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana. They held him to be an extraordinarily able lawyer, particularly in the constitutional field. Obviously a great constitutional lawyer must be taken on faith by laymen. For when we leave simple understandings of simple words, and enter the realm of constitutional interpretations, constructions and implications, past and present, the expounding lawyer may be brilliant or he may be silly—and in different periods the same man and the same theory have earned first one description and then the other.

Besides, there was Senator Walsh's English style. It did—and does—resemble a palm tree, a stem with perfectly formed leaves branching in all directions. Each of Senator Walsh's sentences is like that, a beautiful mass of perfectly formed clauses spreading in a circle to cover possible questions from any point. These sentences are a triumph of literary and legal construction, as the palm tree is a triumph of nature. But did you ever have any luck seeing the palm tree while trying to examine and note each of its leaves?

However, we common people have a better knowledge of the Senator now—knowledge that we ourselves have gained first-hand, without the aid of Senator Walsh's admiring fellow lawyers. There are two items in our lately gained first-hand knowledge, and the principal item is not what the reader will suppose; it is the everyday knowledge of a man that comes from looking at his face. For many years we could only guess what the Senator's face was like. He had a heavy forelock which he allowed to wander down over his forehead. He had an amazingly aggressive set of eyebrows which jungled his eyes. And he had a black mustache of incredibly voluminous droop—a sort of mother-hubbard of the mouth. The total result of all these hirsute achievements was mystery. No one knew the physiognomy of Walsh.

Well, time has tempered the weight of that forelock, and civilization has mastered that wondrous mustache, so that in seeking to know Walsh by the face of him, we have only to overcome the jungle of eyebrows, the last of the old barricades. Consequence: We behold the most evenly proportioned, the best balanced face, with the possible exception of Borah's, in the Senate. It is the face of a man whose intellect is organized to run with machine-like accuracy, precision and fidelity. Feed into that mind so much raw material of information, and the material will be shredded, refined, reassembled, fabricated, and, in due course, and without wastage, turned out as cleanly finished goods, ready for use, as conclusions, decisions of policies.

I say Walsh has a face that tells of that kind of intellect, for these reasons: Every curve of the head and face is a curve of power, and every curve matches and weighs evenly against the next curve. The full, large, handsomely modelled skull is fronted with a forehead that requires the same adjectives. There is a drop to capacious eyesockets, filled with unusually large, bright, steely blue eyes, the eyes of a coldly intellectual Irishman. There is a drop to a bold, steady, courageous nose. There is a drop to a wide, firm, rather thin-lipped mouth. And there is a final drop, to be made in these days without effort (the mustache having been conquered) to a big, squarish, affirmative chin.

Having told what this lately uncovered and discovered face of Walsh tells, by way of recounting the principal item in the laymen's and common people's new first-hand knowledge of the Senator, it is scarcely necessary to discuss the second item. That is the Fall investigation—commonly put forward as the sole source of the laymen's understanding of Walsh. The fact is that the Fall investigation is simply illustration and proof, graphic evidence, of the story to be read in Walsh's face. In that investigation, Walsh started with a mass of unrelated information, which the laymen could easily picture being put together to prove guilt in Fall and Sinclair, and perhaps in others, but which the trained legal mind, accustomed to the difficulty of getting satisfactory finished goods, regarded as almost hopeless. Walsh pressed a button and started his smooth, beautifully coördinated, impersonal engine of a mind running. The administration, which should have helped him, assuming any ground at all for suspicion of Fall's actions, was openly indifferent and secretly hostile. Out of its abundance of resources for such a case, Walsh received nothing. Powerful sections of the press were likewise openly indifferent and secretly hostile. In the Senate the Democrats were dubious while the Republican regulars mocked. But the impersonal Walsh engine of intellect ran on and on and on; and one day, after months of operation, a lever was pulled, a lot of threads were brought together, and there before everyone's eyes was a net. A couple of yanks on the net, and Fall and his associates were sprawling and splashing on the bank. And, unaided as Walsh was, his mental engine moved so smoothly that not one in 100,000 knows how the astonishing thing really was done.

Never a brilliant thought; never a thought profound taken in itself; never a thought really original; never a thought even novel; simply a splendidly organized and directed mind (turned over to law and government) that operates like a 1925 model piece of machinery. When specification A goes in here, specification B comes out for the market.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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The Farmer-Labor-Communist Party

AT first sight the Farmer-Labor-Communist Convention at St. Paul looked like a revival of a well-known melodrama with the original cast. There was the Farmer-Labor hero, long politically childless, who is convinced by all the omens that he is at last to become the father of a little political party of his own; and there was the Communist villain ready to steal the child at birth, leaving the heart-broken father to rush out into the dark. The lines were familiar, and there were many of them, for the lack of action during the first acts threw the pay black upon rhetoric. The tirade was much employed. The supporting cast included the old favorites, but there was a new figure in the stellar rôle, William Mahoney of the Executive Committee of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party which had called the convention.

Perhaps one reason why the play had a new and unfamiliar ending was that the critics of the press so confidently predicted the old catastrophe that the cast was ashamed to go through with it. Certainly the appearance of the St. Paul Daily News at noon on the second day, with its scare headlines predicting a split, was the cue for speeches of reconciliation. Mr. Mahoney promptly repudiated the threat to bolt with which he was credited, and Mr. Foster disclaimed for the Communists any threat of control. "We understand that to appeal to the country with any chance of success this cannot be a Communist movement," he said. "We do not expect a Communist party or a Communist platform to come out of this convention." The chief factors in imposing a new ending on the drama, however, were Mr. Mahoney's refusal to repeat the lines of excommunication of the Communists written by Mr. Gompers for John Fitzpatrick last year at Chicago, and Mr. Foster's sweet reasonableness in sacrificing form for substance. The convention ended with Communist and Farmer-Labor bending with equal pride and solicitude over the cradle of the infant. The melodrama has become a pastoral —if only the child lives.

The St. Paul convention was projected by the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota which, with two United States senators to its credit, fairly takes priority among state third parties. It was called last autumn for May 30; but at a conference in March the date was shifted to June 17 to avoid embarrassing Senator La Follette's position at the Republican Convention. It had, like all third party movements, the initial object of uniting the various political fragments, bearing different names in different states, which represent the protest against the old parties. It was originally successful in obtaining a wide degree of coöperation, extending from the Committee of Forty-Eight to the Communists. It had a rival in the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which under the leadership of President W. H. Johnston of the machinists and the heads of the railroad brotherhoods was scheduled to meet at Cleveland on July 4. The inclusion of the Communists became a ground of opposition to the St. Paul meeting, and under the attacks of the leaders of organized labor and later of Senator La Follette many groups withdrew from participation. Nevertheless, over five hundred delegates assembled on June 17, representing the Farmer-Labor parties of Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington, the Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, the Progressive party of Nebraska, the new Labor party of Illinois, the Federated Farmer-Labor party, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the United Mine Workers, and many scattered groups among which one caught the names of the Red Eye Farmers' Club, the Ladies' Shelley Society and the Negro Tenants' Protective Association.

There were two rival programs before the gathering. That of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor representatives called for the postponement of the formation of a national party until after the present Presidential campaign, and meanwhile the encouragement of action by state parties. Other groups favored the formation of a national party out of hand. It was this question which was bitterly fought out in committee between Mahoney and Foster. Mahoney had to conserve the interests of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party in the coming campaign, and avoid, so far as possible, offering any embarrassment to the prospective candidacy of Senator La Follette. He was for postponement of complete organization. On the other hand, Foster had to consolidate the position of the Communists within the party. He was naturally fearful that after the campaign was over Farmer-Labor would follow the advice of Gompers and La Follette and cast him and his followers out. He was for immediate and complete organization. Mahoney was in a strong position with regard to the Communists, whose chief aim was to remain in contact with the progressive movement and who would have been discredited by a bolt of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party; he was in an exceedingly weak position with regard to his own supporters, owing to the repudiation of the convention by Senator La Follette. In the end, the committee on organization reported what was in form a compromise, providing for the appointment of a national committee to serve through the present campaign with power to replace or withdraw candidates, and to negotiate for combination with other progressive groups. Both in this committee and at the convention to be held

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after election, affiliated national political bodies are to be represented, which means the Workers' party. Duncan McDonald of Illinois was nominated for President, and William Bouck of Washington for Vice-President.

The Farmer-Labor party has no reason to apologize for its leading candidate. Duncan McDonald has served the United Mine Workers of Illinois in various capacities, including the presidency, and has also been president of the Illinois Federation of Labor. He is able, a student of industrial and political affairs, a man of large views and of fine presence, an admirable speaker. He suggests the English and continental type of labor leader, Keir Hardie, or Jean Longuet, rather than the machine political type—the Gomperses, Farringtons and Wolls by whom he has been superceded in the American labor movement. It is well understood that Mr. McDonald stands ready to withdraw in favor of Senator La Follette, if coöperation with the Conference for Progressive Political Action can be arranged at Cleveland.

It must not be supposed that the Communists were the only group at St. Paul demanding the immediate formation of a national party. The farmers of the Northwest, in their helplessness and misery, feel their dependence on some form of organization. They have had an example of what can be accomplished socially as well as politically in the Non-Partisan League. The farmers have acquired the habit of looking on their political party as an educational and social centre, and to their party headquarters for advice and help in all sorts of trouble. An independent candidacy does not offer them the same sense of security. And let no one believe that there is any lack of trouble and misery among the farmers of the Northwest. One heard at St. Paul of a sheriff setting out from Green Bay, Wisconsin, to serve six foreclosure notices in one morning; of a farm in Minnesota worth $40,000 sacrificed on a mortgage of $5,000, by a family which has owned it for two generations; of a three weeks' trip through South Dakota in ramshackle cars, not one of which boasted a top or a windshield. Unemployment in the industrial centres is tragic enough, but it has alleviations which are absent in the case of a family with nine children evicted from their farm and adrift on the countryside. It is this condition which is responsible for the recruits to the Communists among the farmers. Combatted by the trade union organizations, the Communists have apparently made no great progress among industrial workers. The American labor movement is not revolutionary. How long this can be asserted of the farmers of the Northwest is, it must be admitted, a question.

The chief question in the background of the St. Paul convention, and perhaps its chief significance, concerns the relation of the Communists to progressive groups, and the possibility of joint political action in the future. This is a practical matter. On the one hand the position of the Communists is fairly obvious. It is clear that they must preserve the integrity of their organization. It is clear that they desire affiliation with other disaffected groups because they find in them their richest field of propaganda and proselyting. If the Farmer-Labor interests are united enough and clever enough to use the Communists as the Communists will certainly use them, a working agreement is possible. If the advantage is entirely on one side no combination can be of long duration. It is entirely open to Farmer-Labor groups to decide that owing to differences in political philosophy or in view of the odium attaching to the Moscow connection no association with the Communist or Workers' party is politically feasible. It is open to such groups to decide that, owing to their lack of ability, organization and leadership, any traffic between them and the Communists must redound solely to the advantage of the latter, and is therefore politically inexpedient. But the idea that the Communists can be induced to put their talent for organization at the disposal of a progressive movement without sharing its control—as one of them put it, to do the kitchen work without being allowed in the parlor—is absurd, and the alternate pursuit of it and repulsion from it makes the Farmer-Labor parties ridiculous. A year ago the Chicago Farmer-Labor party, after defending the right of the Communists in the Conference for Progressive Political Action at Cleveland, invited them to their own convention. Only a few days before the meeting did Mr. Fitzpatrick, President of the Chicago Federation of Labor and chief force in his section of the Farmer-Labor party, discover that he could not jeopardize his standing in the labor movement by association with Communists. Naturally, he cut a pitiable figure at his own convention and the bolt of the Chicago Farmer-Labor party was followed by its death. The Minnesota Farmer-Labor party projected the St. Paul convention on present lines seven months ago. Its late repudiation, vocal by Senator La Follette, tacit by Senators Magnus Johnson and Shipstead, undoubtedly diminished the attendance and the ability of the Farmer-Labor leaders on the ground to deal on anything like equal terms with the Communists. They held a weak hand. Possibly the greatest damage the Communists could have done them would have been to nominate La Follette. That they did not do so may be taken as a sign that they did not seek to sabotage the situation. At all events, the fate of the present new-born party may be expected to settle the question of the political relations of Communism and the Farmer-Labor movement in the United States. If the party dies it will die of that political malady the germs of which the Communists, in spite of their own robust immunity, seem like Typhoid Mary to carry among their associates.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Laurels for Low-Brows

IT is the low-brows that America is today crowning with laurel. Yesterday the wreaths lay white with dust across the foreheads of the Western Olympians, but the foreheads were high, and it was their very height that demanded the wreath. We visited them: Henry James, MacDowell and Hunt in their chill rows about the library, we bowed before their sparse majesty on the walls of the art museums. But today visiting is out of fashion, and genuflections are reserved for fundamentalists. We admit the barrenness of this ancient homage. We are tired of being told that there are no young Olympians. We resent comparison with Europe where Conrad, Stravinsky and Picasso prove with irritating conviction that the fine arts are not dead. And as our energy will not permit us to remain disgruntled for long, we have stripped the bays from the majestic temples of the great, and crowned the low-brow without apology and without shame.

The low-brow is no novelty. For years he has thriven in happy nakedness among us. In the audience he has screwed up his merriment over the antics of his professional counterpart, Charlie Chaplin, or raised a quizzical grimace at the ironical mastication of Will Rogers. We have low-brow artists and a low-brow public, and both have passed unshadowed by so much as the cornice of an art museum or the portico of a concert hall. But now we have decked them all in green in the name of art, and in that name we are bidden to pause and evaluate. Hitherto we have clapped our abandoned hands on Saturday afternoons at burlesque and vaudeville; now we must take them seriously through the week and tap our typewriter keys to a new jazz rhythm. The necessity for these livelier arts is nothing new; but the time is suddenly ripe to make a virtue of them.

Have they anything to do with art? Are they its bastard children in a parlous age, or its healthy free-born offspring on American soil? Can the relationship be proved legitimate by analysis, or should they be allowed to carouse happily in an underworld of their own? These are questions which impetuously demand an answer. Time will tell, perhaps, but in America we do not wait for time.

Have they anything to do with art? First, for answer, we must investigate art, which takes more space than an essay. To Matthew Arnold, Tolstoy, and the wise teachers of secondary schools, art is obviously great matter, handled by a great method: high seriousness, communicated with complete elucidation. Also it is great in proportion to the greatness of its subject, requiring some such theme as a nation's birth, or the pantheism hidden in a primrose.

To another collection of thinkers, dwelling chiefly in Montparnasse, Greenwich Village and the salons, art is any matter, however slight, if neatly handled. It may paint a pottery vase or a green pepper, or chant of corsets, covered in patterned chintz. But once admit that time is the only test of art, and it must be further conceded that while a nation never tires of its birthdays nor Spring of its primroses, still life may often seem still-born to the next generation. Peppers go out of style as alligator pears come in, and sonnets to the stays of yesteryear seem hopelessly old-fashioned in a boyshform age. It is the great subjects that last, that have led us to believe that they are great because they last.

The "lively arts," it is inevitable that we pat these lusty striplings on the back with Gilbert Seldes's phrase, are essentially of the moment. It is the very nature of their being. The colyumist is a laureate, writing occasional verse. The comic strip heroes deal in oil and radios as promptly as the progressive retail shop-keeper. Jazz, in its present state, has invoked so few original melodies that to play the jazz of five years ago is to recognize a photograph of the same face before its hopelessly old-fashioned Dutch cut was clipped into the shingle.

If then, we call these lively arts illegitimate, we do not mean that they are outlawed by some national academy. We do not mean that they dwell outside the range of dignified æsthetics, for who shall say where that range lies? We do not call them illegitimate because their subject is necessarily slight, but because, being slight it is also evanescent. They lure and woo their votaries with a new charm for each day of the calendar, but do they wed with them?

Even the slightness of subject matter of the lively arts is a moot question. Their keenest crusader, Mr. Seldes, quotes the eternal triangle featured by Krazy Kat, Ignatz Mice and Offisa Bull Pup in George Herriman's comic strip, as a theme at once lofty and deep. He reminds us of the classic confidence of Bert Savoy's invisible girl friend, "Margie," the high Bacchic humanity of Don Marquis's protagonist, "The Old Soak." But Mr. Seldes lets the cat out of the bag with one admission when he suggests that the ultimate value of one of the lively arts lies not in its subject matter but in the manner with which it is handled. It "pleases the eye, the ear, and the pulse," he writes of a good revue; when very good it "does this *so well that it pleases the mind*" he adds with conciliatory italics.

Once admit that the low-brow arts fall into that category of art which depends on method and manner rather than subject matter, and it must be conceded that their sole claim to art lies in their popular success. This also is suggested by Mr. Seldes's quotation. Popular success becomes the sole cri-

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terion for artistic value, as the briefest survey of the field will demonstrate. The greatest colyumists are those who are the most read, the best dance halls are those which are the most crowded, the finest artists of vaudeville are those whom the largest crowds applaud the longest. The ability to establish rapport, or in more familiar terms to "get over" is the first requirement for the low-brow laurel.

Can this be true also of art? The traditional artist of the past was misunderstood by his own age. He leaped ahead of the idiom of his time and explored the terms of an unborn generation. There undoubtedly were popular favorites in every age, but these seem, somehow, to have sunk into oblivion while the starveling outcasts have won through. It is not that unpopularity is any more a measure of greatness than popularity, but that popular judgment and approval are so fickle, so impulsive, so unenlightened as to bear small if any relation to the value of the objects of their concern.

Yet it is the very popularity of the lively arts that pleads their justification in this country. They stand for the mass civilization of the twentieth century in America as opposed to the humanist periods of the Renaissance in Italy. They are created only to meet a direct demand. To imagine them as conceived in seclusion or developed in retirement is impossible. Think of Fanny Brice as evolved by the Lake of Geneva, of Paul Whiteman, retiring for meditation to Leipsic or Grasmere. Just as they are journalistic and immediate in point of time, so they are geographically focused in urban communities. By radio or syndicate they may be broadcasted through Main Street, but their genesis and their exposition are of Broadway.

To return to our questions. We have tried to show that the low-brow or lively arts have something to do with art, in that they can be admitted to the fold by those who hold that art may be slight matter if neatly handled. We have suggested that though tending to illegitimacy through their inevitable evanescence, they plead 100 percent Americanism through their urban democracy. The third question remains: can we, and why should we subject them to analysis, rationalization, legitimacy, instead of leaving them happily in their underworld?

Working once more on our original figure we ask why must the low-brow wear his wreath of laurel, rather than of the naughty figleaf or the green muslin grape vine of melodrama? Working backwards we trace a possible explanation. There are no schools open to the fledgling critics of today. They spring up from the city desk to cover events in music, drama, screen, or gallery. They must write shortly in little space. Above all they must tempt the reader. They hurry along, mastering the common-touch system. They have no time and less equipment to analyze what they like by any general rules. They naturally write most freely and most spontaneously about what needs least education to understand. These lively arts that have been developed as a means of direct communication lure their facile pens. Here is no need for manuals of chiaro-scuro or counterpoint. The only requirement is a sense of humor, built on free masonry. With the enthusiasm of a cub-reporter on his holiday the critics submit them to the highest criticism that they know, and justify their own calling. Criticism of the lively arts, at least in our daily papers, is neither a question of judgment nor of cultivation. The laurel is hung on the low-brow half by "hunch" and half by "dope."

A small, second-hand-clothing figure with a black face, a white straw hat, an interrogatory cane and a cruelly nasal voice hurtles to the stage with a frenzy of catnip, and yowls the information that he can't dance but that his osculatory technique is excellent in a taxicab on the way home.

The critic notes the laughter of several hundreds of bank clerks who have themselves forgotten how to dance though not to kiss in taxis, and writes of the magical rapport of the last of the Dionysiacs. He may be ambitious, even informed. Eventually his article may be bound up with a dozen other reviews on the tribal quarrels of Archy the Cockroach or the sparsity of custard pies in the new Chaplin films. The wreath is securely fastened across the narrow forehead, it has taken several hundred pages to do it, and therefore deserves first quality laurel, even if it comes from a nursery garden and not from the nodding groves of Parnassus.

This then is the process by which we are trying to legitimize our national artistic vagaries. When all is said and done it is a fruitless task. It is the public that breathes life into the lively arts, the public that discards some and develops others, not the critic. And the public, mopping the beads of excitement from its brow, as it stands yelling its enthusiasm for Tinney or Jolson or Babe Ruth, will all too quickly wipe the laurel wreath away.

MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Om

There is that in the air . . . an imminence
Of things that hold the breath still and heart pale:
Nought that the mind affirms, but a fey sense
Illumines . . . and goes dark. Flame cannot scorch
What is itself a flame: can it avail
For men to follow what but dreams have had
In high and secret places . . . the dim torch
That Zarathustra blew on and went mad.

Was this the gleam that Jesus sought by night,
When he walked, veiled, in glamorous dim light
Washed, as a white goat before the slaughter . . .
And heard no sound save the soft, rhythmic beat
Upon the silken silence of his feet,
Beautiful as gulls upon the water?

LOLA RIDGE.

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Partly Cloudy

JOHN T. WHARTON, Woppington's foremost authority on plumbing and weather, glanced at the northwest corner of his morning paper and muttered, "Partly cloudy."

"Well, Elmer, what do you make out of the Cleveland convention?" he asked.

"You beat me to it, John. Partly cloudy is right." The garrulous newsdealer, thus unwisely encouraged, made himself comfortable on the counter.

"According to the papers the old-timers don't agree at all. Some claim there was more crépe hung out in 1916, the year they bit on Hughes, and others say it was the gloomiest convention the G. O. P. has pulled since King Tut wore knee pants. They only hollered thirteen minutes for Calvin. That's the low record for all time. Old T. R. would have called that a hiss."

"The Giants lose again, what do you know!" said the popular plumber.

"You can get wise to a lot from the sport page," said Elmer. "Way back on Monday I read: 'Where they play today. Washington at Cleveland.' And a couple days later it read 'Boston at Cleveland.' And that's how it turned out. It was a Butler-Coolidge shindy, Boston-Cleveland, Burton-Chairman, Burton-Cheerleader—any way you dope it, it comes out B. C."

"I thought Butler was from New York."

"You're thinking of Nicholas M. He was there but he didn't count. He slipped on a wet plank and sprained his influence. No, this was William M. from the C. O. D. state. Quiet little worker, William. If he was a plumber he could be in the cellar all day and nobody would ever be hep. They say Butler learned his trade from Murray Crane—you know, the guy that invented silence. Parties as old as Chauncey Depew never heard Crane say anything but 'sh—sh.'

"This Butler was the whole works and he benched all the regulars and played it with a second string team. Small time guys, what I mean, Slemp and Stearns and Warren and Mondell. The outstanding men of the party found themselves outlying. Anybody that made a noise like a senator got a jab under the fifth rib. They say when the janitor swept up on Friday he found pieces of Lodge and Watson and Pepper. I don't know, John. Remember that stock company that played here last winter? The villain kicked off in horrible agony in the afternoon but in the evening he was the hero of the piece.

"When they got to doping a platform it seems they were out of luck. Those birds were willing to *vote* for Coolidge but to agree with him was something else again. Here it was Wednesday already and the keynotables had uncorked all their stuff—good old prewar stuff—and it was still raining and the delegates were getting mouldy and the Home Town Coolidge Club was threatening to sing again. Something had to be done. So they got busy with the dictionary and made the platform so long that nobody would ever know what was in it. Me, I passed out in the middle of the first round, but Jack Biddle who slings type in the Woppingtonian office tells me it has all the words there are except 'oil.'

" 'Pipe this,' they said over in the main dormitory. 'Here is a platform Coolidge can stand on and the rest of us can crawl under.'

"Old man Cooper from Wisconsin got up on his hind legs and made a few denouncements. He pulled a lot of radical bunk like 'Thou shalt not steal' but they turned the diabolical death ray on him and the best he got was a couple of cheers which he needed about as much as a hair net.

"Then Professor Burton let loose a flock of two-dollar words about Calvin the magnificent. This Burton is from Michigan, and he's a holler-a-year man. If he hadn't had to catch a boat he'd be talking yet. Maybe he is, anyway. They seconded Cal's nomination until everybody was calcified and finally they made it unanimous by kicking Wisconsin out of the union. Even one Wisconsin lad spoke a kind word for Coolidge. When last seen alive he was beating it out of Cleveland headed east. If he ever should go back to Kenosha what he'll find at the depot will not be the Silver Cornet Band."

"Then they had to pick a Vice-President," said Mr. Wharton, whose time was being charged to some customer.

"Say! If I'd had as much trouble getting a wife as Coolidge had getting a running mate, I'd still be feeding my face at the White Front Restaurant. It wasn't because they were so fussy; they were willing to take anybody west of the Connecticut river as long as his name wasn't 'Watson.' Borah wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, and Hoover couldn't see it at all. Lowden said, 'No thank you, I need exercise.' The Butler boys began booting 'em all over the lot and razzing each other. If the ghost of Mark Hanna was hanging around the old home town, he must have thought this was pretty sloppy work.

"Honest it got so bad there for a while that delegates were voting as they blame pleased. Did you see the list? Hot dog! I bet they got some of those names out of the telephone book. When a funny-faced guy blew in here on Thursday, I was scared they were after me."

"This Dawes is not so bad," said Wharton. "Smokes a pipe and cusses a little but—"

"Fine business; author of the Dawes cure for what ails Europe, which has already got the o. k. from everybody except Europe. He's supposed to prop up the ticket, see. Labor's supposed to be

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strong for him because he's an open shopper and soldiers because he's agin the bonus. Out west where a couple million farmers have had mortgages foreclosed on 'em they're expected to send him love and kisses because he's a banker.

"Still and all, he'll balance the ticket. Silent Cal and the noise from Illinois. The sacred and the profane. Keep cool with Coolidge; keep warm with Hell'n' Maria. They may get away with it, at that. The great question before the American people today is 'How is Bob LaFollette going to spend the Fourth of July?'"

"It says here," said John T. Wharton, "that all the warring factions have buried the hatchet."

"Sure I know. The trouble is, they've buried it in each others' skulls. If that's any way to cure sore heads, it's a new one on me."

"Who do you suppose the Democrats will nominate?"

"Search me," Elmer replied. "But after reading Mondell's speech, I've got a hunch it will be Leopold and Loeb."

FELIX RAY.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Voice from the So-Called Leisure Class

SIR: Do you care to know of the effects your publication has upon the various elements it reaches? If so, I offer in all humbleness a sincere criticism from a young woman of the so-called leisure class, who spends a part of her invaluable time in a weekly perusal of your edition.

If your object is to irritate your readers into interest in order that they at least begin to use their minds and hence perhaps feel the satisfaction of flatly disapproving of the majority of your articles—then you have achieved a masterpiece.

I think you work in a worthy cause, as Heaven knows most of us need stimulation—and you do achieve that!

But if, as I suspect, you have embraced a "cause" far more spectacular, I wish to say that I think your edition detrimental in its influence to all that America needs at this time.

In the first place your writers seem to be anything but students of economics. They offend even those of merely normal intelligence by their ignorance of even its most fundamental laws. They are abominably radical, pacifist, pro-German and Socialistic, and as I see it, you are doing your best to encourage in America developments which will be its ruination.

LOUISE L. AMORY.

Needham, Mass.

Europe Since 1815

SIR: Professor Barnes's review of Hazen's Europe Since 1815 has aroused a very interesting discussion. This is all to the good, for it is through such discussion that we hope the truth ultimately will be established. I have no desire to participate in the debate of the historians on the subject of war guilt; but Professor Barnes's review contained an obiter dictum concerning the ethics of publishing, with which I wish politely yet firmly to take issue. Said Professor Barnes:

"One fact and recommendation is beyond cavil, namely, that the publishers are under a moral obligation to arrange for a thorough-going revision of the second volume by some such person as Professor Coolidge, Professor Langer, Professor Kerner, or Professor Schmidt ere it misinforms and perverts the historical judgment of thousands of college students and general readers in the present and coming generations."

This is indeed an astonishing doctrine to appear in a liberal journal; for it is one of the plainest lessons of history that appealing to authority to suppress error is a very poor method of advancing the truth. Too often it happens that truth is suppressed while error is allowed to flourish, especially when the truth is not flattering to national vanity. Even if the publishers adopted Professor Barnes's principle they might make the mistake of taking the advice of his opponents instead of himself.

In this connection it may be noted that Professor Scheville changed publishers for his revision, of which Professor Barnes says: ". . . his account of the genesis of the war is probably the fairest and clearest to be found in the same number of pages in any book which has thus far appeared in our language." Professor Scheville's experience indicates what may happen when publishers act on Professor Barnes's theory of their moral obligations. I prefer the attitude of Current History which published an article by Professor Barnes, although the publishers dissented from his conclusions.

Probably Professor Hazen's publishers were under a legal as well as a moral obligation to publish his revision. After all, the book is the author's, not the publishers'. Publishers may advise an author but they should not dictate to him. They are not responsible for the opinions expressed. He is. The same publisher may, and often does, publish books on both sides of controversial questions. The publishers of Hazen also publish Gooch.

If publishers may silence an author, may not college trustees and state legislatures silence teachers? If publishers establish the right of censorship over authors, we may expect some of our captains of industry to invest heavily in the publishing business, thus qualifying as guardians of the truth!

If some historians persist in expressing views with which Professor Barnes disagrees, the only safe rule is, in the words of Jefferson, to "let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

A. B. MAVITY.

Ethics in Politics

SIR: What is the significance of Professor Dodd's conclusion that "a business man . . . may do what Doheny and Sinclair have done and never suffer condemnation among his colleagues"? I wonder whether the answer is contained in the following words from the pen of a life-long student of politics: "If the ethical standards of politics fall below those of ordinary behavior it is an infallible sign that the Constitution is faulty, and no real improvement is to be expected until the defect is corrected." If this be so, then isn't it time for a new examination of our scheme of government, from top to bottom?

CURTIS NETTELS.

Madison, Wis.

The Tempo of the Screen

SIR: In reproving me so indignantly for my assertion that a motion picture "must be pressing on and on urgently to hold visual attention taut," your correspondent in the New Republic of June 18, obviously confuses the pace of motion with the pace of action. If these were identical, motion picture operators would stop their projection machines when the figures stood still on the screen. The pace at which the director directs the action of his characters, which is equivalent to tempo on the stage, is related to, but not identical with that sense of motion which is implicit in the very idea of the movie. This is a mechanical stress of movement which actually exists in the camera that records the action and in the projector that reproduces it.

It is, little as I want to discourage your correspondent's naïf theory, something that exists even when the figures on the screen are static, at rest; for theirs is a rest which is in itself dynamic,

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at the edge of new movement. It is literally true that for every minute during which the heroine gazes statically into the static and unblinking eyes of the hero, some eighty feet of film pass through the projector.

Film directors are constantly facing the problem of reducing 12,000 feet of film to six, have the clearest understanding of what I meant when I wrote in my simple way that "once this motion slackens pace, attention goes." Film editors have learned by experience that unless pantomime continues significant and meaningful, whether in rest or in action, and that unless it promises futurity, it is always in danger of losing its audience. It is indeed a growing understanding of the difference between film action and screen action, which your correspondent has so violently confused, that promises so much for the future of the motion picture.

RALPH BLOCK.

New York City. N. Y.

The Job and the Woman

SIR: I could wish that every educator might read The Job and the Middle-Aged Woman in your issue of May 28. And I hope very earnestly that some one better qualified than I will feel moved to respond to it. For it is a serious matter, Heaven knows, though in a very different sense than Mrs. Wholey appears to realize.

The twentieth century has been pretty consistently waving the banner of "vocational education": manual arts and domestic science, applied agriculture, bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting—these and allied subjects have encroached more and more on the school curriculum; from the grade schools to the colleges. And here we have the result: an educated, mature woman feels that she "faces tragedy, years of parasitic existence" because "her job's gone." "If she is to be happy," we are told, "she must have...a real job."

The school has taught her how to make a living: it has not taught her to live. And more than that: it has implied, if it has not directly insisted, that unless you are earning money, you are "social waste." What a ghastly commentary on the materialistic education that our day is fostering.

The tragedy in the case of Mrs. Wholey's friend, it seems to me, lies not in the fact that she cannot become a cog in the industrial or economic machine, but that she has no spiritual resources to fall back upon, that she is forced to seek the answer to her problem in the output of purely physical energy. But the real difficulty lies much deeper, and is rooted in an error which only too many of us appear to share. For some of Mrs. Wholey's friends do indeed have mental activities, but they are "to no constructive end," and she looks forward to "a social organization where she (the released mother) can use her abilities to some worth-while end." We must assume, then, that no work is constructive unless it has a salary attached, unless it is a "job." I wonder whether Mrs. Wholey and her friends would concede that constructive work has been done for the world by such men as Bacon, Bentham, Carlyle, Darwin, Gibbon, Grote, Hobbes, Hume, Locke, Macaulay, Mill, Ricardo, Shaftesbury, Herbert Spencer. None of these men had a "job," none of them, in Mrs. Wholey's words, had "the satisfaction of equal and successful competition with other workers in a constructive field," or if they had such, it was a field which their own labors had created. Consider such widely different lines of human thought and endeavor as applied science (invention), applied art (music, painting, sculpture, and other fine arts), literature, scientific research, philosophic speculation—what prevents constructive labor in these and other fields is surely not the lack of a salary, but more frequently the presence of it: not infrequently the necessity of serving an employer robs the mind of freedom, robs the body of strength, robs the worker of that surplus of time and energy that is precisely what he needs for truly constructive work. And with all due respect to the enterprise of the trader, the acumen of the merchant, and the learned zeal of the pedagogue, I think it may fairly be claimed that the bulk of the constructive work of the world has been done by the free lances, by the men who had no "jobs."

However, the appeal to the constructive as alone justifying a human existence is not my argument, nor do I admit its validity. After all, how many of us can meet that test? Is it constructive to sell goods, to play the piano for a living, to run a typewriter in a bank, to till the soil? Surely it is plain that most of us can only justify our existence on the ground that we are alive and that we have to live. If we have nothing to live on, we must work to escape being a charge upon society; aside from that, it is our duty to live as well as we can. And the basis for all good living lies in the aesthetic. One woman is condemned for spending her time in the study of poetry, because "she will never teach it, and she never can write it." But is that all? Is there to be no place for those who love poetry as a source of enrichment of their lives, and who seek to know something about it and to understand it? Can there be any art without an intelligent and appreciative patronage for it? Is it parasitical to store your mind with beauty, to seek after knowledge for its own sake, to cultivate your friends, to shed light from the treasure-house of your spirit on the lives around you?

Surely, it behooves those of us who still believe in the humanities to insist more than ever that the truly "practical" studies are not simply those which prepare the student to take a job, but rather those which enrich his mind, which will give him interests outside his bread-and-butter, which reveal to him the aesthetic values of life, and which will help him, when the time comes, to make thoughtful and beautiful use of that very leisure which "Marian" and her sisters have been taught to curse.

B. Q. MORGAN.

Madison, Wis.

SIR: In reply to Mrs. Wholey's article in The New Republic, may I suggest that only in one way can the middle-aged woman assure for herself a real job in the years between the early forties and the middle sixties. She must do it in the same way that a man or an unmarried woman does it: Train herself when young for a definite job, work into it, develop it, and then stick to it.

If a woman feels that the exigencies of producing and rearing a family require the sum total of her energy and attention, then the price she must pay is a more or less empty life after the family has grown up and no longer needs her care. For some women club and semi-philanthropic work or a sort of part time civic activity, if one may call it so, together with what remains of family duties, is sufficient to give a feeling of independence and usefulness. For the woman who wants a real job in the economic or political world, there is but one way: Get into it when you are young and stay in it as you grow old. It is absurd to think that a man or a woman can start training at forty-five and successfully compete with the generation twenty years younger. It simply cannot be done.

I doubt whether the problem as Mrs. Wholey states it, will exist much longer, for the youngest generation as well as some of the less-young seem well on the way toward a solution. They do not find marriage a sufficient reason—or excuse—for giving up the job. I do not think the children of the future are going to suffer as a consequence. They will be differently, but not less carefully brought up. That is all.

ESTHER HARMONE.

New York City, N. Y

SIR: If Mrs. Wholey's friend would spend a year in a representative town the size of this one—twenty thousand—and engage in the annual campaigns of, say, the Associated Charities, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and the Tuberculosis League, enroll as an active member of the Woman's Club, the League of Women Voters, and a church society or two, she would perforce note what a large percentage of civic accomplishment is brought about by women of forty-five and over. They have means and leisure, which most young married women have not.

Certainly there are unlimited "real jobs" for any woman of energy, humor and resourcefulness, and would still be even if all those who prefer mental and physical ease should suddenly discover how much more entertaining work is than bridge parties and overeating. At best there are never enough intelligent middle-aged members of society to do half of what every community needs. But those who weave little mats and look tragic are scarcely in this class.

ISABELLE DENISON ROSENSTIEL.

Freeport, Ill.

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A Page of Sonnets

Why He Was There

Much as he left it when he went from us,
Here was the room again where he had been
So long that something of him should be seen,
Or felt—and so it was. Incredulous,
I turned about, loath to be greeted thus,
And there he was in his old chair, serene
As ever, and as laconic and as lean
As when he lived, and as cadaverous.

Calm as he was of old when we were young,
He sat there gazing at the pallid flame
Before him. "And how far will this go on?"
I thought. He felt the failure of my tongue,
And smiled: "I was not here until you came;
And I shall not be here when you are gone."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

To A. E. Housman

While Shropshire rises, lyrical and sweet,
Lived in and loved in, more than merely read,
A rainfall on the gable overhead
Becomes your rhythm—in the pulsing street,
Alternate passers-by and lulls repeat
The changes you induce, from lives that tread
In love on living green to quiet dead
Folk lying under newer lovers' feet.

So subtle, deep and true you consecrate
Your song, decking with laurel and with bay
The deathful face of youth, that Shropshire hills,
When I am aging and the hour is late,
Will shine again with dawn and hush my clay
And quit me clean of these maturing ills.

WITTER BYNNER.

Eagle

Head sunk in humpy shoulders, there he sits
Among his little friends, and he is good.
He does not maim nor kill them, as he could,
Clawing their puff-ball fluffiness to bits:
No, he is harmless; and although he seems
Disgusted by their pleasures, they repeat
A pretty melody of sweet sweet sweet
Apologetic twitters for his sake;

"Our poor unhappy brother does not take
An active part in life; he only dreams."
At that, he ruffles sulky feathers, blinking
His poison-bitter, amber-yellow eye,
And—if he thinks at all—he must be thinking
About the still, thin desert of the sky.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

South-East Wind

There is remembered terror in your touch
Of spruce and palm and cedar—the wild trees
That strain against the dawns. Drained life of these
You carry.. that have tamed a million such..
You that have out-lived ruth and known the wills
Of seas on islands.. too alone with them..
And heard men cry out on their gods to stem
Earth, unanimous, rising from her hills..

And clawed moon-harried tides throughout the wide
Low-swinging night..breaking the long stride
Of stars. You know of old harsh remedies,
Wind—cleansed of salt, with delicate cool tips
Light as a blind girl's fingers on my lips—
And bitter healing of the roots of seas.

LOLA RIDGE.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

Not for Publication

Servile before the sophistries that cling,
To false humility as flies to sweat,
Not one of us would say the brutal thing
Honor demanded, point the epithet
Which might have left him poorer in the sight
Of certain wag-tongued sycophants who sought
No further than the music of such slight
And melancholic verses as he wrought.

But would have made him richer as a man—
Strong to face fairly his conceit that masked
A self-contempt impossible to scan.
Book after feeble book . . . And still he basked
In the rose glow of all we said and wrote,
A poet of considerable note.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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A Capitalist's Creed

Taxation: the People's Business, by Andrew W. Mellon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

I BELIEVE in Capital, especially in Capital in large holdings. ("Our civilization, after all, is based on accumulated capital." Page 72.)

I believe that only the very rich can employ capital productively. (Cut the surtaxes and "the men capable of business success will get out of their dead investments [state and municipal bonds] and put their brains and money to work." Page 172.)

I believe that all money not accumulated as private capital is wasted. ("Orderly debt retirement out of surplus revenues is better calculated to restore prosperity, for the debt is retired by taxes paid in for the purpose and the money retained for the payment of such taxes is saved from being dissipated in useless expenditure." Page 30.)

I believe that money spent on public improvements is waste and a mere increase in public indebtedness. ("Capital is being diverted into channels [state and municipal bonds] which yield neither revenue to the Government nor profit to the people." Page 13.)

I believe that property which ceases to produce revenue for the rich ceases at the same time to produce utilities for the country. (In England "under the high death duties, ownership in land has ceased to have value and large estates can now be purchased for less than the cost of the improvements. In other words, the land itself is rendered valueless by the death duties and no longer produces revenue." Page 121.)

I believe that the undistinguished mass of the poor derive their welfare from the prosperity of the rich. (To cut surtaxes "should help to solve the housing problem, to make lower freight and passenger rates, to increase the buying power of the earning class and to raise its standard of living... Page 137.)

I believe that taxation, "the people's business," should be taken out of the hands of the people and left to the management of those who understand the importance of large capital. ("Tax revision should never be made the football either of partisan or class politics but should be worked out by those who have made a careful study of the subject in its larger aspects and are prepared to recommend the course which, in the end, will prove for the country's best interest." Page 11.)

A decade ago one might have hesitated to apply the term religion to economic beliefs however mystically complete. But recently Judge Gary has proclaimed the value of the Bible as an economic tract. We need no longer observe the ancient distinction between religious and secular, spiritual and material. What counts is the distinction between the appeal to faith and the appeal to scientifically established facts and close logic. Secretary Mellon's appeal is to faith. How little he thinks of facts is made clear by his discussion of the estate tax, where he invites the reader to consider "that death brings into the market in every decade a large proportion of the total wealth of the country," and therefore the "cumulative effect" of estate taxes upon prices is very serious. If the Secretary had been appealing to facts instead of to faith, he would have given us, instead of the vague "large proportion" in every decade, the actual proportion, three percent or less, in every year. He would have established the actual, immediate effect before attempting to deal with cumulative effects which might or might not exist.

If logic counted with Secretary Mellon we might have expected him to make up his mind whether the tax exemption privilege actually raises materially the price of state and municipal bonds and so encourages public borrowings, or whether the privilege has little effect on the price of such bonds. Logic does not count with him: therefore he is prone to turn his argument either way, as suits his convenience. On page 147 tax exemption is made to count for about 12 percent in the value of a bond. On page 152 it is argued that since part of the bonds must be sold to persons paying only normal taxes or low surtaxes, to whom exemption is of little use, it is quite impossible for the state government to obtain full value for the exemption. On page 158 he repeats that the state which issues the securities gets very little compensating return for the privilege of exemption. This must mean that it has to pay about as high interest rates, on the issue price, as it would if there were no such practice as tax exemption. Yet on the next page Secretary Mellon returns to the notion that the tax exemption privilege facilitates public borrowing and leads to "unnecessay or wasteful public expenditure."

It is no part of my thesis that the Secretary is always or even prevailingly wrong. If faith often leads to truth in the spiritual field there is small reason for rejecting its contribution altogether in the economic field. It is not at all improbable that the surtax rates are too high for maximum productivity. The same may be said for even the lowest schedules in the income tax. There is a strong case, on purely economic grounds, for abolishing the privilege of tax exemption. There are many sound reasons for proceeding very cautiously with increase in death duties. There is even something to be said for the Secretary's doctrine that taxation should be lifted out of the arena of partisan and class struggle. It is not, except in very extraordinary curcumstances, a party or class interest to keep any tax above the level of maximum productivity.

The real weakness of Secretary Mellon's book is that in order to get any help from it, even in support of a program one might join with him in promoting, one has to be a true believing, Chamber of Commerce Rotarian. One must humble one's reason in the presence of the Prophet, second richest man in America. This attitude has its value. There are thousands of Americans who feel better about their desire for relief from taxation because Secretary Mellon has fortified in them the mystical sense of the righteousness of this desire.

But America is a democracy, and a program requiring political action needs to convince the infidel as well as to inspire the true believer. Can it be conceived that any opponent of the Mellon plan of tax reduction has been converted by this book ? I think not. As a proselytizing instrument the book is a flat failure.

In time, let us hope, the American people will get over the notion that public finance is either an unfathomable mystery or an amateur's job, easily compassed by a business man who has sacrificed the free play of his mind to the building of his private fortunes. Then we shall select our Secretaries of the Treasury from among our real authorities on finance, men like Professors Seligman, Adams, and Plehn. Such men would utilize the vast resources of fact at the command of the Treasury to give us books on taxation that would stimulate the intelligence of the average man and lay a basis in public opinion for a sound scheme of taxation.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi, by Romain Rolland. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Sermon on the Sea, by Mahatma Gandhi. Edited by Haridas T. Muzumdar. Chicago: Universal Publishing Company. $1.25.

Gandhi and Non-Violent Resistance. Compiled by Blanche Watson. Madras: Ganesh and Company.

THESE three books give a full presentation of Gandhi's personality, doctrine and achievement. The Sermon on the Sea was written in 1909, during Gandhi's return voyage from London to South Africa. It is in the form of a dialogue between Gandhi and his reader, in which he defines his doctrine of Swaraj and answers many objections, such as the opposition of Hindus and Mohammedans, and the problem of defense of an independent India. Miss Watson's compilation contains a great number of articles reflecting opinion in India, Great Britain and America, and many of the documents marking the historical development of the non-coöperative movement. They are invaluable source books to which M. Rolland's volume stands in the relation of a summary and interpretation.

From no one is an appreciation of Gandhi and his movement more welcome than from Romain Rolland. His own experience of life enables him to see Gandhi with understanding and sympathy beyond that of other men; and in his disinterestedness, high mindedness and faith in humanity, of all western leaders he most nearly approaches Gandhi himself. His book is a brief one—too brief. It falls into three parts. The first sketches Gandhi's early life and his services to India as part of the empire until the close of the war, when the British government formally and deliberately broke its promises to the Indian people and embarked upon that campaign of violence of which the Rowlatt Act, the atrocities in the Punjab and General Dyer's massacre at Amritsar were incidents. "It was as if a wind of madness had swept over the English rulers. It was as if the law of non-violence proclaimed by India, stirred European violence to frenzy."

The second part deals with the early period of non-coöperation beginning in July 1920, when the treaty imposed on Turkey threw the Khilafat movement into active hostility to Great Britain, and the official reports on the Amritsar massacre convinced the Indians that neither honor nor justice had place in the hearts of their rulers. The third part covers the period of disturbance and of repression which centres around the policy of non-coöperation from May, 1921, to March 18, 1922, when Gandhi was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

The rise of Gandhi suggests a return to Carlyle's view of the hero as the creative force in history, and his thesis that the most important thing in the life of a people is its manner of welcoming a great man. In his own person Gandhi reminds us of the training to which heroes and prophets of old subjected themselves—he reminds us also of the making of a modern character as Mr. Wells has presented it in The Research Magnificent. Satyagraha, the basis of Gandhi's thought, is a code of personal ethics, including the practice of truth, honesty, non-violence, control of appetites, limitation of possession and use to things strictly necessary, fearlessness. These are the rules of Gandhi's Satyagraha Ashram or school at Ahmedabad. But Gandhi has sought not merely to develop his own character and that of a few disciples, but to give integrity, self-respect and heroism to a whole people depressed by hundreds of years of servitude. He has sought not only to save his own soul, but that of 300,000,000 fellow beings. He has taken the same means in both tasks—the way of sacrifice and suffering. He has pointed out that the people of India have no right to their freedom from the British while they maintain the slavery of caste, and the curse of untouchability for the outcaste. The great test and triumph of Gandhi's personal leadership was the cancelling of his order for the beginning of civil disobedience, in February 1922, when the disturbances at Chauri-Chaura convinced him that his followers were not ready for it. How could he change his program and withdraw a declaration of war already communicated to the Viceroy without irreparable loss of political prestige? It was like stopping mobilization on the day before hostilities were to begin. Yet Gandhi did what no European government dared do. "Satan forbade it"—and Satan's voice was the voice of pride. He retracted the orders. Similarly the great test and triumph of Gandhi's India was the reception of the news of his arrest and conviction, not with revolt and bloodshed, but with a serene religious solemnity. Thousands of Indians surrendered themselves to the same punishment. At the Guru-Ka-Bagn, the Akalis, a sect of Sikhs who had adopted Gandhi's doctrine of non-resistance, undertook to purify their holy places in the face of government opposition. Every day a hundred of them arrived silently before the guards and knelt in prayer until they were stabbed and beaten into unconsciousness. Senseless fanaticism from the British point of view; from Gandhi's, the training of a nation into manhood.

One of the most interesting passages of M. Rolland's book is that in which he mediates between Gandhi and his great countryman Tagore. The latter fears Gandhi's power over his followers and the blind obedience which he exacts from them; he fears the nationalism which in the name of outward, political liberty crushes the real freedom of the soul; he fears that Gandhi's program if realized would cut India off from the rest of the world. "The awakening of India is bound up in the awakening of the world. Every nation that tries to shut itself in violates the spirit of the new age." To this Gandhi replies that his non-coöperation is directed not primarily against British rule but against material civilization and its exploitation of the weak everywhere. In that respect India is seeking the emancipation of the world. "It is my deliberate opinion," wrote Gandhi in the Sermon on the Sea, "that India is being ground down not under the English heel, but under that of modern civilization,"—the civilization which has set up material well-being as the goal of life and which drives the mass of mankind to degrading labor to produce goods which are at best largely unnecessary to their true welfare, and at worst the medium of a corrupting self-indulgence. Gandhi believes that India must be released from British economic domination, not only to set her own hand industry free but to exempt the workers of Great Britain from exploitation by the system which gives them so little in return for their lives. But to free India merely that she might set up industrial machinery of her own is not Gandhi's ambition. "It would be better to buy materials manufactured in Manchester

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than to set up Manchester factories in India . . . Machinery is the great sin which enslaves nations, and money is a poison as much as sexual vice." It is this attitude which raises Gandhi above his rôle of nationalist leader and unites him with Ruskin, Morris, Tolstoi, Tagore, prophets of the true values of life. For the rest, Gandhi asserts that if he is engaged in politics, "it is because politics today encircles us like the coils of a snake," that India must free herself before she can contribute to the freedom of the world. "India must learn to live before she can aspire to die for humanity."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Some New Irish Novelists

With Benefit of Clergy, by Florence Hackett. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Doomsland, by Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Thy Neighbor's Wife, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THESE three Irish novels have very little in common, yet between them they succeed in revealing the excellencies and defects of the Irish mind as it expresses itself in literature. With Benefit of Clergy is the most noteworthy of the three; it is, beyond a doubt, the work of a genuine artist, and has all the earmarks that indicate that a new and original mind is working on the novel form in Ireland.

The outstanding quality of the English mind in literature is abundance—abundance of everything—an abundant variety of character, an abundance of emotion, of imagination, of action, but more particularly, perhaps, an abundance of imagination and emotion. Abundance is not a quality of the Irish mind, but it is made up for, if the lack of abundance can ever be made up for, by exuberance and intensity. The Irish mind, always intellectual and critical, is very likely to become absorbed with form: one remembers that the Bardic Schools more than once ruined their art through their infatuation with form, and one notes that the most sensational development in the novel form is the work of an Irishman. Miss Hackett's With Benefit of Clergy, viewed from the angle of form, is extraordinarily interesting; it is the first novel ever written from start to finish in the Anglo-Irish language—a language in which three-fourths of Ireland think and speak but almost never write. It is not the literal translation from the Gaelic which was Synge's idiom; it is English with three different grammatical turns and idioms—the idiom of the Gaelic speaker combined with the idiom and vocabulary of Elizabethan and eighteenth-century English. As a language for revealing the life that Miss Hackett writes of, it is a perfect medium. Her Ireland is not the Ireland of epics, hero-tales and revolutions; the life she depicts is the sort of life that in all countries goes on in spite of wars, famines and revolts: the life of people whose strongest urge is the will to live and to pass on life and property to others. Miss Hackett knows the people she writes about from the very marrow of their bones.

With Benefit of Clergy is, roughly speaking, the tale of an elderly, old-maidish farmer who, late in life, was induced by his shop-keeping brother to get married. The match is made for him with a woman of thirty-eight whom he sees just once before he leads her to the altar. We have the picture of the farmer before his marriage, with his neat house, his garden, his books and his parlor; then his marriage, his honeymoon, the birth of his child, and his bewildered life after his loveless marriage. I do not know how much the author is aware of the modern tendencies of the novel or how much she has learnt about the new discoveries concerning the subconscious, but the skill with which she reveals the stream of consciousness in this farmer's mind is unforgettable. All the evolutions of his mind and consciousness are revealed to us with great simplicity and true art; the author has evolved for herself a really modern technique, a technique which has that sort of spontaneity which is the result either of great sophistication or great simplicity. Jeremiah Nolan is, in his way, as complete a portrait as Joyce's Mr. Bloom. It must be said, however, that Miss Hackett has no exuberance; she has, perhaps, no great power of invention nor deep sense of poetry, but she has rare intensity and a remarkable mastery of form and a power over her material. Her book emerges triumphantly from one of the most searching tests of any kind of writing—it is a genuine revelation.

Doomsland and Thy Neighbor's Wife, while being very well written and very interesting, do not emerge from this test at all. Neither reveal life in Ireland but both give a great deal of information about it. Externally, one feels that Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Leslie have a much more spacious knowledge of Ireland and of Irish movements than Miss Hackett has; they are probably much better informed and have probably much more brilliant minds. One is not put in possession of much information of any kind by Miss Hackett's book, but there comes to one out of it that understanding of a section of life that is only given one by a creative mind. Mr. Leslie's book is a mine of interesting information about Irish movements, Irish elections, Irish affairs and the men back of Irish affairs.

Doomsland has as central figures the Duluces, a North of Ireland land-owning family, descended from one of those marauding and exploiting clergymen to whom the lands of the native chiefs were handed out by the English government. This type of clergyman seems always to be available for converting the "natives" of exploitable countries to the Christian religion. In Ireland the people being already Christian after the Romanist manner, it became the duty of such clergy and their descendants to convert them to Protestantism—the duty, as time went by, devolved upon their female descendants, and in Doomsland we behold the Misses Deluce distributing soup and bibles simultaneously to the erstwhile owners of the soil. Mr. Leslie seems to be infatuated with the Deluces but utterly mistaken as to the kind of feeling entertained in Ireland for this type of family. Mr. O'Flaherty in Thy Neighbor's Wife shows that he knows the mind of Ireland a great deal better than Mr. Leslie in this detail, and one of his characters thus sums up the attitude of the people with regard to the Deluce type: "Ireland needs to be rid of her gentry—to be rid of those descendants of adventurers who were picked up by marauding English generals from the London brothels and foisted on this country as gentlemen." Truth to tell, in spite of all Mr. Leslie's efforts, and in spite of the organ-

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playing and picture-painting that the Deluces indulge in, they stand before us as unenlightened, prejudiced, and inartistic folk, as excessively and morbidly class-conscious as an unintelligent minor labor leader.

It has been put forward as one of the merits of Doomsland, that "real personages take the stage in thin disguise." Obviously, too, it is largely an autobiographical book. Now the fact of the matter is that to make real personages appear real in a book is one of the most difficult of literary feats, and one that no beginner in fiction or character-drawing ought to venture on at all. George Moore and James Joyce have done it supremely well, and, as far as Ireland is concerned no one else ought to attempt it for at least another generation. When George Moore in Hail and Farewell represents Mr. Yeats or Lady Gregory as saying something they never said in life, the words he gives them are so true to character and so revealing that we feel they ought to have said them. Mr. Shane Leslie, on the other hand, represents his characters as saying things they actually said in life, and yet—and perhaps for that very reason—they remain automatons. As to the autobiographical side of the book, only a man of peculiar genius can write a real autobiography, and the number of such geniuses in the whole of literature is small. Mr. Leslie, like many others of our contemporary novelists, is somewhat at sea as to the value of purely personal experiences as material for art. It is, of course, perfectly obvious that the material for literature derives from personal experience of some kind, but a transcription of personal experience is generally mere reporting and the result is not literature but journalism. The creating of a character or of an emotion from some personal experience of the writer's is a different thing altogether, and it is by the power with which a writer can thus create from his experience, rather than by the raw experience that he assembles, that his gifts can be measured. Mr. Leslie's devotion to Ireland is both profound and patent, but like many another Irishman he overestimates the importance of Ireland in the universe.

Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, the author of the third in this group of novels, is a far more accomplished novelist than Mr. Shane Leslie, and Thy Neighbor's Wife is a really brilliant book. His observation is sound, his facts are accurate, and he has an intimate knowledge of the Irish people and their attitude of mind. But it has to be said that there is a foreignness of touch in his treatment and method rather well symbolized by his frequent use of the word "peasant;" in Ireland no one ever calls any one a "peasant" except an occasional bishop in a Lenten pastoral. An Irish style, in the sense that the well-known Irish writers possess a distinctive racial style, Mr. O'Flaherty has not got; indeed, as far as style is concerned, his book might have been written by an Englishman or an American. He has, however, a sense of humor that goes with the traditional Irish novel and with it a fine exuberance.

The scene of Thy Neighbor's Wife is on an island of the west coast, and the theme is a Catholic priest in love. One is convinced that the writer knows a great deal about the life and thoughts of a priest, yet he does not really reveal his character as George Moore reveals Father Gogarty, the priest in love in The Lake. Instead of revealing his priest, Mr. O'Flaherty simply gives us convincing information about him. The power to reveal life, as against the power of describing it or making it interesting, the author exhibits just once; it is in the pages where he describes the priest going out alone in the coracle, in a mystic, drunken fit, on a wild sea, and his rescue by the islanders. His minor characters, like the doctor's wife, are far more perfectly realized than his important characters. The O'Malley, the descendant of the island chiefs, is an example of some of Mr. O'Flaherty's faults in character-drawing. While almost every word and opinion that O'Malley utters is true to type, he is, as a whole, as romantically unconvincing a figure as the hero of a Family Herald story. Mr. O'Flaherty indeed seems to be on the brink of that pitfall which is yawning before all the new Irish writers. The writers who began eighteen or twenty years ago had an Irish reading public which was small, highly-cultivated and exacting. Little except the best interested them at all. Now there has been added another reading public, one like the larger part of the reading public in England and America, a public which is literate without being cultivated. To compromise with that kind of public is the temptation of writers everywhere. There are signs in Ireland that the compromise is being entered on: the audience plays a far larger part in the production of literature than any artist is ever willing to admit.

MARY M. COLUM.

The Scholar's Homily

Social Development: Its Nature and Conditions, by L. T. Hobhouse. New York: Henry Holt and Company $3.00.

MOST sociologists, not to mention philosophers and psychologists, suffer from an inferiority complex. They would like to be considered scientists, or at least as scientific as the scientists, and they fear they may be taken for something else less to their liking. Hence they scrupulously maintain a somewhat ostentatious objectivity toward the matter of their analysis. They will speak coolly of salvation, and regard the Highest Good with detachment. That is, they will wear the scientist's laboratory apron. But for the most part they will not touch his nasty brews. Theirs is a nobler and, of course, a more exacting problem: the dissection of values and of destinies. The dissection is done in the best scientific form; but the values are not wholly of this world.

This is a dualism which results in a duplicity, a gentle sin, excusable on many counts, but still perceptibly a sin. A statistical study of the Kingdom of Heaven must remain homiletics to the end of time. And the assumption of the apron of objectivity in dealing with matters obviously of the heart is an impropriety from either point of view.

Professor Hobhouse illustrates this matter perfectly. In argument and diction he is impeccably detached and "scientific." In matter he is inextricably theological. On his psychological side he traffics with a spiritual first cause, a sovereign will that bends men and history to its purposes. As a sociologist he deals in abstractions of "harmony" and "unity" the achievement of which spells "development." And behind it all he is a metaphysician treating of ultimate "reality as the theatre of spiritual growth."

His argument follows the lines of these preconceptions. Mind is that purposive force in each individual which organizes and harmonizes "root interests." Working out

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into the region between man and man it achieves a like harmony in the community. The intellect which is mind applied to tools, has greatly extended man's sway over brute environment. And at the same time the extent, complexity and flexibility of social organization have vastly increased. The greatest development of industrial technique and the greatest elaboration and most rapid flux of social institutions have, evidently, synchronized in modern times. Now expanse denotes superiority, among social institutions, and flexibility and (one might almost say, in slight exaggeration of Hobhouse's actual words) instability denote moral superiority. These being the conditions that obtain today, it follows that intellectual achievement, social development and moral progress are all coincident. And then, also, "the further step which is required to that governing principle which alone can make progress secure is merely the continuance of the movement proceeding from the nature of mind . . ." And so "human life, with it finitude, is in fact seen in a new aspect when it is regarded as part of a greater whole which is striving with the mechanical conditions of reality for the ascendency of the spiritual. This whole takes a definite shape in the conception of humanity as the harmony of minds in which the contradictions of partial views and narrow efforts are resolved, and the conditions of life controlled. If this conception is justified, not merely human effort but the entire evolutionary process would be revealed as leading up to the dominance of a spiritual principle, and we should think of reality as the theatre not of a blind struggle nor of a providential order, but of a spiritual growth."

That this is an expression of faith and aspiration Hobhouse would be the last to deny. His avowed object is to hold this spiritual ideal in focus with inexorable natural law. "At one extreme," he says, "people deny social science on the strength of the human will; at the other they deny efficacy of the will on the strength of science." He proposes to be bifocal. What he fails to realize is that this mitigated view of natural law quite dims his vision of the stark realities of science. Of the bias that results he is quite unconscious though he gives it away to the reader on every page. In the opening paragraph he describes the diet of primitive peoples as "vermin," a not wholly impartial designation. Immediately after, he says their dead "live on vaguely," appearing to live "only when they are remembered." Such expressions carry an undeniable burden of reproach, though they are scarcely more than straws in the wind.

The major idol is what Lester F. Ward used to call telesis, the notion that now, at long last, mankind has become self-conscious, has grasped the meaning of its destiny and is pressing (or will shortly commence to press) forward resolutely toward "the goal." It is, as every evenly balanced observer of the human scene well knows, a pure fiction, a simple projection of the sociologist's own ego. As such it was legal tender among the speculative sociologists of the nineteenth century, and so is serves to classify Hobhouse with Comte, Spencer and Ward as, properly, a nineteenth century writer. Indeed, he can be most easily "placed" by the reader who is not already familiar with Morals in Evolution, and the others, through his little Home University pamphlet, on Liberalism. Here he reveals himself not so much as the disembodied scientist or historian as the gravely ardent Liberal conscientiously confusing the program of the deity with the philosophy of the Mills and the policies of Gladstone and Morley.

As preaching Professor Hobhouse's moral discourse is excellent, of course. Both his tone and his ideals exhibit all the loftiness, the restaint, the unhasty meliorism of the grand school of British Liberalism. Even his benign omniscience is disarming. Nevertheless the reader will not improbably sympathize with the undergraduate who came out recently, in the midst of the perennial dispute over the college chapel service, with this novel platform: "Compulsory chapel, and no preaching in the classroom!"

C. E. AYRES.

Briefs on Books

Washington's Southern Tour, 1791, by Archibald Henderson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $15.00.

THIS sumptuous volume is a cross between a Baedeker and Burke's Peerage. As, however, a map of Washington's progress is lacking, Peerage dominates. Its members are the signers of the declarations of adoration presented to Washington by the various municipalities which he visited. Each of the peers has a footnote, if not a footman, devoted to him. The volume is so delicately bound that only the gloved hands of proud southern ladies, whose ancestral portraits adorn its pages, may handle it with nonchalance. But three interesting personalities emerge, Willie Jones, sturdy individualist, Charles Caldwell with his curious blend of conceit and reverence and Richard Champion who presented a piece of porcelain to Washington adorned with his likeness, arms below and coronet above. Close friend of Burke he had manufactured it in England during the war and taken it with him in his luggage when at the war's close a sea-voyage metamorphosed a traitor into a patriot. As for the impression one gains of Washington, bowing to worshipping ladies and commenting on agriculture in a diary as dry as the soil, a lad hit it off well in the last couplet of a poem of welcome at Augusta:

> And let mankind this serious truth confess:
> None e'er was praised so much—none ever flattered less.

The previously unpublished letters are not important but among the interesting illustrations there is a fine relivion in 1922.

A. W. V.

The Life of the Ancient East, by James Baikie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4. 00.

DR. BAIKIE writes here for the "average layman"—that lean hungry creature who, it would seem, can never be glutted no matter how much print is fed him. And Dr. Baikie serves up a most savory dish in this volume. In it he tells of the famous excavations at Abydos, Tell-El-Amarna, Thebes, Luxor, Babylon, Nineveh, Mycenae, Knosssos, and Gezer. Many of the chapters are manifestly but abbreviations of the huge tomes which the explorers themselves have left, and the originality of Dr. Baikie's work lies solely in its presentation of the material.

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But that is originality enough. Copiously illustrated and lucidly written, the book should be deservedly popular.

L. B.

Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman, by André Servier. Translated by A. S. Moss Blundell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

IT is hard to understand why a book of this sort is ever written, let alone translated into foreign tongues. It purports to be an honest and conscientious study of the Arab, set down primarily to guide France in her colonial policy. Actually it is a sweeping and vicious attack on anything and everything immediately or remotely related to the Arab and his creed. Mahomet is declared a degenerate Bedouin, and the Bedouin is declared an unimaginative, unoriginal, uncreative, unmoral, and uncivilized ne'er-do-well. As an example of the quality of Servier's reasoning one need only mention his proof of the Arab's innate anarchism. The Arab is a Semite; so is the Jew. Now, since the Jew is responsible for Bolshevism in Russia, *ergo* the Arab is congenitally an anarchist! André Servier runs our own Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard an excitingly close race.

L. B.

Realities and Shams, by L. P. Jacks. New York: George H. Doran and Company. $1.50

PRINCIPAL JACKS'S trenchant pen continues the tradition of Arnold and Ruskin in an urbaner mood. One can always look forward to a solid thought, clearly presented, in Dr. Jacks's essays; and if the thought is not always unfamiliar—how should it be?—it is rarely inapposite. In the present volume Dr. Jacks makes no use of his skill in characterization and sagely meditated anecdote; but the shams that he singles out are important, and most of the realities he pits against them are valid. Education, labor, politics, religion, all pass under his tempered gaze and receive their due. There is a vigor in Dr. Jacks's sturdy heresies which testifies to the strength of his orthodoxy. It is Oxford at its best.

L. M.

Margaret Ethel MacDonald, by J. Ramsay MacDonald. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

THIS biography, written shortly after Mrs. MacDonald's death in 1911, is done with a great reticence and with almost a genius for unswerving objectivity. The author himself appears in its pages at but infrequent intervals, and the book will not satisfy those who hope it will be, in any but a remotely indirect sense, autobiographical. Accepted for what it is, however, it offers a very profound charm in the conscious dignity and tender restraint of its lines and in the gracious, high-purposed personality which it describes.

R. B. F.

Makers of Science, by Ivor B. Hart. New York: Oxford University Press. $2. 50.

SCIENTISTS are now endeavoring to restore human interest and historical alloy which they have been altogether too successful in eliminating. This handy volume contains biographies of fifteen of the men who have made mathematics, physics and astronomy from Aristotle to Kelvin, with a postscript on Einstein. It is full of interesting anecdotes and unknown information, though not "popular" writing in the American sense of the word.

E. E. S.

The Villas of Pliny the Younger, by Helen H. Tanzer. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.50.

AS the introduction says, this is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the habitations of man; for fortunately a literary document, Pliny's letters confirms the archaeologist's knowledge of plan and purpose. Apart from its historic interest, however, this little treatise is a welcome sign of the modern teacher's attempt to vivify, by concrete presentment, the literary memorials of the past.

L. M.

Children of the Age, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CHILDREN OF THE AGE is only the prelude to Segelfoss Town, which it is to be hoped, for Hamsun's sake, Mr. Knopf will publish soon. The two books together, published in the original in 1913 and 1915, embody their author's most elaborately developed social philosophy and his comments on the civilization of today. Their theme is no less than the rise and fall of generations and the upbuilding of personality from the stuff of its forbears and of its environment.

To present such a stupendous thing is manifestly impossible; to suggest it by glimpses, through the mist of salient moments in the great process is therefore Hamsun's method. How far he has succeeded in a task so nearly impossible no one should attempt to say without studying the two books together.

Of this book taken alone, it is perhaps enough to say that it is slow-moving, tragic at times, poignant and even memorable, and, like all Hamsun's other work, bears the stamp of a highly individualized genius.

E. R.

Contributors

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